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Romantic
Historical Drama
In Four Acts

“Ole Virginny”

By
T. P. SULLIVAN

M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY, CHICAGO

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Historical Drama
in Four Acts

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CHICAGO

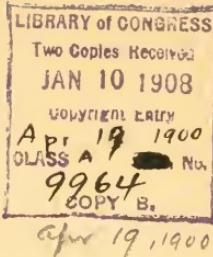
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1907

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By T. P. SULLIVAN
Author and Proprietor



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"Ole Virginny"

By **TIMOTHY PAUL SULLIVAN**

AUTHOR OF PLANTATION STORIES OF THE SOUTH

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY.

ACT I.

Time, July, 1860. Annandale, Virginia, historic homestead on the Rappahannock, full view of the river; joy and preparation to receive the two college chums at boatlanding. Slaves at wharf to welcome their young master, singing: "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." Reception at Annandale. The insult. Slaves' grand jubilee, and Virginia corn shucking.

ACT II.

Time, May, 1863, night before the Battle of Chancellorsville. Picket scene and dialogue. Confederate campfire. Songs of the war. Reception of Jackson and Stuart at the campfire. Defense of United States ford entrusted to Colonel Mortimer by General Jackson. Display of the great flank movement by Stonewall Jackson on General Hooker's rear. Federal campfire. Songs of the Union sung again. The attack on the Union Army. Wounding of Stonewall Jackson.

ACT III.

Time, April, 1865. Scene, Plantation of Annandale. Illness of Judge Mortimer. Fidelity of the old slave, Eben. Solicitation for the absent son. Recital of the battle by Eben. Secret arrival of Colonel Mortimer to see his father. Arrested as a prisoner of war. Meeting of the two college chums. End of war. Happy denouement.

ACT IV.

Time, 1870. Enforced mortgage sale of Annandale. Return of Eben, the old slave, from England. Redeems the old homestead. The old songs again.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

JUDGE MORTIMER, owner of Annandale.

HARRY MORTIMER, his son.

LESTER HOWLAND, of Boston, Harry's college chum.

JIM GIBSON, of Cumberland County, Maryland.

JOHN CHURCHILL, English tourist.

EBEN, slave on Annandale.

STONEWALL JACKSON, Lieutenant General Confederate Army.

"JEB" STUART, General Confederate Army.

CAPTAIN TURNER, Confederate Army.

PRIVATE MOORE, Confederate Army.

SWEENEY, Attachee of General Stuart.

GENERAL LANE, Confederate Army.

GENERAL PENDER, Confederate Army.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, Confederate Army.

CORPORAL CASY, Federal Army.

SERGEANT KROUSE, Federal Army.

CAPTAIN BROWN, Federal Army.

SHERIFF, King George County, Virginia.

MISS HATTIE TAYLOR of Bellgrove, Virginia.

MISS CRILL, Oakenbrow, Virginia.

TILDA, houseservant on Annandale.

MONROE, slave on Annandale.

FEDERAL PICKET.

CONFEDERATE PICKET.

COURIERS, STAFF OFFICERS, SLAVES, etc.

PRELUDE TO PLAY

No story or play that was ever written by any author, whether obscure or noted, but was inspired by some incident in real life.

The injustice of both the social and civil laws of France prompted Victor Hugo to write his masterpiece, "Les Miserables," and select the main character in that book, Jean Valjean, as a victim of such injustice. But the story of the present play is of a different character. It has for its foundation the unheard of fidelity of an old Virginia slave for his young master, and the undissolvable friendship of two college friends, one from the North and the other from Virginia, whose loyalty to each other during the war between the states equaled any bond of friendship ever contracted by man.

CHAPTER I.

"Ho! Captain! Captain Pratt! Can you hold your boat thirty minutes? I just received a telegram from Harry Mortimer of Annandale, Virginia, who states that his train is one-half hour late. He is on his way home from college with a friend." "Well agent," replied the captain, "while it is against the rules of the company to defer the departure of the boat beyond schedule time, but since the request comes from young Mortimer I reckon in this case I will have to grant it." The above conversation took place on a July afternoon 1860, between the agent of the Weems' line of steamers at Baltimore and the captain of a Rappahannock steamer that plied between Baltimore and points on the Rappahannock river, as far south as Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Virginia at the period 1860, was in the midsummer of her greatness, both socially and commercially. The Rappahannock valley from 1649 to 1670 was peopled by

the finest stock of the English race, who were known as the Cavaliers. They came from England and many of them were given grants of land along that river by King Charles of England, and even today the posterity of those first settlers are in possession of the original grants of the king. Up to the period of 1861 the people along the banks of that historic stream boasted of the highest civilization in America, and their claims to such a high standard of culture and learning could not be very well disputed, as their sons were educated at the leading universities of England and America.

There was not a plantation in that section of Virginia but had a well stocked library, and the boats that left the wharves of the Rappahannock, loaded with tobacco and other products from the soil of that state, brought back from Europe to the shores of the old dominion all the modern innovations in dress, art, science and literature. The traditions of Virginia's hospitality are known world-wide, and even today should anyone pass through the old state they can still detect traces of it in the sons and daughters of those departed social-American kings, who lived before the beginning of the Civil war. And although that blighting conflict destroyed many things material of the Virginians, there were, however, social attributes of those people that a war of a century could not either obliterate or blot out, and those qualities were their refinement and chivalry. The plantations that dot the banks of the Rappahannock, where the scenes of this play originated, bear names today of many of the old manors of England. The heart of Virginia's hospitality up to the breaking out of the Civil war, laid along the banks of the Rappahannock, from Fredericksburg to Tappahnock, Virginia; and any stranger of a clean personality would have a hard time in running the gauntlet of an enforced invitation to spend a day or two at one of those hospitable Virginia homes. The most noted of those homesteads that were distinguished for their

lavish entertainment of strangers and friends were Woodlawn, Bellgrove, Oakenbrow and Annandale, near Port Conway on the King George side of the river, and Camden on the Carolina side. But the host of hosts whose reputation for lavish entertainment and hospitality, extending along the entire stretch of tide water, was Judge Mortimer of Annandale.

The judge himself was one of the old stalwart Virginians—whose magnetic manners and exalted mind, made him respected and admired by all, and whose personality was so strikingly welcome, that the latchstring of his social mansion was always in sight. He was a descendant of Henry Mortimer the original settler, a Cavalier who stood in high favor with King Charles of England, and whose grant of land, called Annandale, was a gift to the original Mortimer by that generous monarch. The dimensions or area of Annandale was one and one-half miles long and one mile wide, extending from a belt of woods in the rear and sloping gradually down to the river front. The homestead, which was one of the old colonial order, stood on the brow of the hill and had a sweeping and unobstructed view of the Rappahannock river. The slaves, which were owned by Judge Mortimer, idolized both him and his young son, Harry. His humane and kind treatment of them made them devoted to all his interests and his two houseservants, Eben and Tilda, surpassed anything ever known in human fidelity,—in their unselfish devotion to both their old and young master during the four years' war of the rebellion.

CHAPTER II.

In the beginning of the first chapter we left young Mortimer and his college friend on their way to catch the boat at Baltimore for Annandale, on the Rappahannock. The captain complied with the request of the agent, and the two collegians were happy when they saw the

boat at the wharf in full steam waiting for them. Let us see who those two college companions were. One was Harry Mortimer, son of Judge Mortimer of King George County, Virginia. He just graduated from Harvard and bore off the highest honors from that famous institution. Young Mortimer was the highest type of the southern youth, in honor, manhood and chivalry. He was hurrying home to receive the congratulations of his father and friends. The other young man was Lester Howland, a kindred spirit of the Virginian. His ancestors were of the old puritanical stock that left England after Cromwell had settled the aspirations of Charles the First. The Howlands of Massachusetts were the most distinguished people of that section of America. Young Howland was also a companion graduate and classmate of the Virginian. They both formed a friendship in their freshman year and continued it up to graduating time.

It was of the Damien-Pythias order, and the test of their friendship will be demonstrated in the four acts of the play. The both young men had alternated in their summer vacations in the four years of their college course. Mr. Howland spending two in Virginia and Mr. Mortimer spending two in Boston. As both had finished their university life and were to separate for their different vocations in life, the Virginian insisted that Mr. Howland should go with him to Virginia and spend a few months on the Rappahannock with his father and friends, reminding him that it would be a fit ending to their long friendship.

We will now leave the two friends on the boat on its course to the waters of the Rappahannock to be welcomed home by friends and slaves, and we will open the first act of the play on the plantation of Annandale to hear and see the nature of the welcome to the two young friends.

“OLE VIRGINNY”

ACT I.

Exterior of Annandale. July, 1860, Colonial building, negro cabins in rear. Rappahannock river in full view.
[Enter Judge Mortimer and John Churchill, laughing.]

JUDGE—Mr. Churchill, will you honor me by becoming the guest of Annandale while you are in this part of Virginia?

CHURCHILL—Judge Mortimer, the cordiality of your invitation leaves me no other alternative than to accept.

JUDGE—[Extending his hand.] That answer, sir, has the right ring. Nothing pleases a Virginian more than the acceptance of his hospitality.

CHURCHILL—That trait is characteristic of your people, Judge.

JUDGE—I feel very happy today, Mr. Churchill. My son is to return from the North after ending his college life at Harvard in a blaze of glory.

CHURCHILL—Such a son, Judge, is an honor.

JUDGE—I feel it, and to show my appreciation of his brilliant ending, I am to make him sole heir of Annandale.

CHURCHILL—Is he your only son, Judge?

JUDGE—He is the only living member of my family, and he has but one relative, Miss Crill of Oakenbrow.
[Looking back towards the house.] Eben!

[Enter Eben.]

EBEN—Here I is, Massa.

JUDGE—Eben, I received a letter this morning from your young master, stating that he would arrive today on the Baltimore boat. His college friend, Mr. Howland, will be with him. Have all the negroes don their holiday dress in honor of their young master's return.

EBEN—’Deed I will, Massa. I am done dyin’ to see my young massa.

JUDGE—Mr. Churchill, allow me to give you a sight of a real ripened Virginia peach orchard.

CHURCHILL—With pleasure, Judge. It will be quite a treat indeed for an Englishman.

[*Exit Judge and Churchill.*]

EBEN—Dis whole plantation will go wild today.
[*Looking towards the door.*] You Tilda!

TILDA—[*Putting head out of the kitchen window.*] What’s de matter, Eben?

EBEN—Done tell you good news. Massa Jedge jes got a letter from Massa Harry, dat he am comin’ down on dis very boat from Baltimore, and Mistah Howland, dat Yankee man dat was here las’ time, am done comin’ wid him.

TILDA—Hush! You aint talkin’ husband?

EBEN—Yes, I is. Massa Jedge jes read de letter dat he am comin’ down on de boat.

TILDA—My goodness, Eben. We mus’ have everything in gorgeous style to please our young massa, to show him dat we done love him. I like Mistah Howland, de Yankee man, but I never did like dat Mistah Gibson, of Maryland, who is over stopping at Walsingham.

EBEN—Woman, hush! Mistah Gibson only come down to dis yere parts to see Miss Taylor of Bellgrove. He am jes smitten wid her, dats all.

TILDA—You better stop talking dat old honey-way and prepare to meet Massa Harry. Only woman knows de secrets of de heart.

EBEN—You didn’t know de secrets of my heart before you done married me.

TILDA—Secrets of your heart! I never done see such a honeybee round a beehive in my life as you was before I done married you. [*Looking to the left towards the yard.*] Monroe! Tell all dem darkies to put on deir barbecue cloes. You Zena, have dem pickaninnies in

deir yaller aprons. Young Massa Harry am coming down on de boat.

[Enter Monroe, turning flip flap.]

MONROE—Yes, mam. [Exit Monroe.]

TILDA—You talk about knowin' de secrets of de heart, don't you know dat Miss Taylor of Bellgrove is kinder pert and sweet on our young massa?

EBEN—Done thought dere was a little sweetness between dem, but I do know dere is a little honeybee of love playin' between Miss Crill of Oakenbrow and Mistah Howland, de Yankee man from Boston.

TILDA—Dere you go again. You men know nothing of de wishes of de heart. I overheard Mistah Howland tell de las' time he was down here dat his sweetheart was in Boston, but Miss Crill did say one day to Miss Taylor dat do she never did like Yankee men, if she ever did marry one, Mistah Howland would be her choice.

EBEN—Why, Miss Crill is old enough to be Mistah Howland's grandmother. She is what de white folks call an old maiden woman.

[Enter Miss Crill.]

EBEN } TILDA } Good day, Miss Crill.

CRILL—Good day. The Judge has just informed me that Harry and Mr. Howland will be here today on the Baltimore boat. She cannot be far away. Harry and Mr. Howland must be well received.

TILDA—Dat am de truf, Miss Crill.

CRILL—Eben, bring the best singers of the plantation to the wharf and sing some sweet song as the boat is coming to the landing.

EBEN—'Deed I will, Miss Crill. We will sing "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny."

CRILL—That is the song.

TILDA—Better go on dere, husband. I think I hear dem paddles up de ribber. [Exit Eben and Tilda.]

[Enter Miss Taylor.]

TAYLOR—Good day, Miss Crill, I hope you feel happy.

CRILL—Why should I not? This indeed will be a joyful day and night for Annandale—all in honor of Harry's return from college.

TAYLOR—We all feel happy, and the Judge himself feels as joyful as a young boy.

CRILL—The news of Harry's coming has set the negroes of Annandale wild with joy, and nothing is talked of amongst them but the return home from college of their young master.

TAYLOR—The Boston papers paid a high tribute to Harry and especially to the tone of his valedictory.

CRILL—I am delighted to hear that Mr. Howland, Harry's classmate, is coming down again with him to be his guest, and although I have heard a great deal of Yankee abruptness and uncouthness, I will say, Miss Hattie, if Mr. Howland is a sample of Yankeeland, I think that the people of that section have been badly misrepresented.

TAYLOR—[Laughing.] We must not believe everything we hear about any people, Miss Crill.

CRILL—I see Mr. Gibson is continuing his visit at Walsingham. He must be infatuated with someone on this side of the Rappahannock.

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson took dinner at Bellgrove, yesterday, and said he would defer his departure for Maryland until Harry returned home.

CRILL—Miss Hattie, I am always considered odd and quaint by all you people in King George County, but I will say that Mr. Gibson is one of the most envious and jealous persons that has ever visited this part of Virginia. He seems to be bored if anyone speaks complimentary of Harry Mortimer.

TAYLOR—That may be true, Miss Crill, but we Virginians must look upon everyone as a gentleman until we find him different. Mr. Gibson is reputed to be from

an excellent family in Maryland, and he has kinfolks on the Carolina side of the Rappahannock.

CRILL—I will have to be going now, Miss Hattie, as you know, how these negroes of Oakenbrow will act when they hear of the great joy that is to be here at Annandale. [Looking towards house.] Tilda!

[Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—Yes, mam.

CRILL—Send Monroe over to Oakenbrow. I want to give him a jar of blackberry wine for the company tonight.

TILDA—'Deed I will, Miss Crill. [Exit Tilda.]

CRILL—Goodby, Miss Taylor, you will have to excuse me for a while.

TAYLOR—Certainly.

[Exit Crill. Enter Gibson.]

GIBSON—Good day, Miss Taylor.

TAYLOR—[Bowing.] Good day, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON—What is all this stir, gaiety and life, I notice among the Annandale darkies?

TAYLOR—Judge Mortimer received a letter from Harry, stating that he and Mr. Howland would arrive on today's boat from Baltimore.

GIBSON—Ah! Indeed?

TAYLOR—The Judge is delighted at the brilliant ending of his son at Harvard. From the accounts given in the Boston papers, Harry must be one of the most distinguished students at the college.

GIBSON—Miss Taylor, a man may shine brilliantly at college, yet in practical life never rise above mediocrity.

TAYLOR—[Looking slightly indignant.] That may be the exception, Mr. Gibson, not the rule. The young man who shows brilliant talents at college will in after life rise equal to the demands of any position, if those qualifications are backed by natural ability and good character.

GIBSON—I understand that this will be the third visit of Mr. Howland to Virginia.

TAYLOR—I believe it is, sir.

GIBSON—Do you know, Miss Taylor, that during the many conversations I have had with Mr. Howland, I noticed that sometimes he unwittingly dropped remarks that savored of that old New England prejudice towards Virginia.

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson, Mr. Howland has been the guest of Annandale for six weeks each of two summers, and in all his affiliations with the people on both sides of the Rappahannock, we have ever found him a wellbred and polished gentleman.

[Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—[Excitedly.] Miss Taylor, de boat am comin' down de ribber. I see de smoke. [Exit Tilda.]

GIBSON—You will excuse me, Miss Taylor. I'll have to leave.

TAYLOR—Why, won't you wait until Mr. Howland and Harry arrive?

GIBSON—I have an engagement with a friend, but will return again today. Goodby.

TAYLOR—[Bowing.] Goodby.

[Exit Gibson.]

[Enter Judge, Churchill and Crill.]

JUDGE—All is happiness today, Miss Taylor. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Churchill, of London, England.

TAYLOR—I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Churchill, and I welcome you to our section of the country. [Both advance and shake hands.]

CHURCHILL—Delighted I am to meet you, Miss Taylor.

JUDGE—Mr. Churchill is visiting Virginia, and he has consented to be a guest of Annandale for some time.

[Boat whistles.]

[Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—Massa Jedge, de boat am comin' right down by Annandale. [Exit Tilda in excitement.]

JUDGE—Let us wave Harry and his friend a welcome.
[All take handkerchiefs, and Judge places glasses to his eyes.]
That is Harry. He is waving back to us.

CRILL—Yes, it is Harry! See, Mr. Howland is waving also.
[Boat passes out of sight on way to wharf.]

JUDGE—Mr. Churchill, we Virginians have an open way of welcome, with no conventional stiff manners, so we want you to make yourself at home in the traditional spirit of our people.

CHURCHILL—Judge, Thackeray has made us English fully acquainted with the hospitality and manners of your people. I feel honored to be a guest of Annandale.

TAYLOR—Mr. Churchill, I hope you will honor Bell-grove with a visit before you leave the King George side of the Rappahannock.

CRILL—Oakenbrow also will expect a little of your time, Mr. Churchill.

CHURCHILL—Why bless my heart, it will be hard to get away from you Virginians.

[Singing heard in the distance. All listen and look towards the road.]

JUDGE—There they come! Look how proud old Eben looks. He is carrying Harry's satchel.

[Enter Harry, Howland and slaves with valises, umbrellas, etc.]

JUDGE—My dear son. [Embraces Harry. Exchange of courtesies all around.] Harry, my son, this is Mr. Churchill of London, England, he is a guest of Annandale

HARRY—Pleased to meet you, Mr. Churchill. [Shake hands.]

CHURCHILL—I am delighted to know you, Mr. Mortimer.

JUDGE—Mr. Churchill, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Howland of Boston. He is my son's classmate and friend. [Both advance and shake hands.]

HOWLAND—I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Churchill.

CHURCHILL—And pleased am I to meet you, Mr. Howland.

[*Slaves exit with baggage.*]

TAYLOR—I hope Mr. Howland that this will not be your last visit to Virginia. We have enjoyed your trips to our section very much, but as you have finished your college course, I am afraid that we will not see so much of you.

HOWLAND—Oh, yes you will, Miss Taylor. You Virginians are so hospitable that to meet you once is never to forget you. [Turning to Miss Crill.] Miss Crill, you should pay a visit to the North some time. I have been telling my people all about Harry’s aunt and they have expressed a great desire to see you.

HARRY—That is true, Mr. Howland, aunt ought to visit Boston. I know she would like the Yankees better.

JUDGE—Friends, will you please pardon our absence for a while?

TAYLOR—Certainly, Judge.

[*Exit Judge, Harry, Churchill and Crill.*]

HOWLAND—Miss Taylor, what the future has in store for me I don’t know. The immortal bard says that “there is a divinity which shapes our ends rough hew them how we may,” but I will say with all sincerity and true candor that in future life I will look back to the vacations I spent along the Rappahannock as the happiest days of my existence.

TAYLOR—I am delighted to hear you say so, Mr. Howland. I hope your trip down the river was quite pleasant.

HOWLAND—Very pleasant, indeed.

TAYLOR—I never saw Harry look so happy.

HOWLAND—King George should indeed be proud of him. His brilliant talents, added to his magnetic manners, have made him one of the most popular students of Harvard.

TAYLOR—We are indeed proud of the honors bestowed upon him at college.

[Enter Harry.]

TAYLOR—[Advancing and taking his hands.] One more welcome to your home on the Rappahannock

HARRY—And this time to stay for good.

TAYLOR—Pleased and proud we are to see you. We read all about your brilliant ending at Harvard.

HARRY—Miss Taylor, my classmate here, Mr. Howland, was more distinguished than myself, but his modesty forbears him to speak of it.

TAYLOR—Modesty is ever characteristic of great men.

[Enter Eben.]

EBEN—'Seuse me, Mr. Howland, but de strap done broke on your trunk when we was liftin' it into de room, and dere is confusion among de darkies how dey should put dem back.

[All laugh.]

HOWLAND—You will pardon me?

TAYLOR—Certainly.

[Exit Howland and Eben.]

HARRY—My dear Hattie. It is nearly one year since I left Annandale, but in my daily mail at Cambridge I always looked first over the letters to see which one bore your familiar handwriting. Today, as the boat passed from wharf to wharf, coursing down the river towards home, my heart leaped with joy when I came in sight of Annandale and saw you all waving me a welcome to my old home.

TAYLOR—Yes, Harry, and no one counted the months, weeks and days of your coming with greater exactness and zeal than your little sweetheart of Bellgrove.

HARRY—I learned at the wharf that Mr. Gibson is down here.

TAYLOR—Yes, he is a guest at Walsingham.

HARRY—Hattie, my dear, I did not like Mr. Gibson's manner towards Mr. Howland on his last visit here. His

attitude towards me has been sometimes strange and odd, but for that I care not. He is a Marylander and should know that there is one thing a Virginian will not tolerate, and that is an insult to his guest, either by manner or word.

TAYLOR—My dear Harry, don't let anything disturb this great day and night of joy. Mr. Gibson's conduct is sometimes strange, but all people have their peculiarities. Now dear, you will excuse me for the present, as I will have to go over to Bellgrove to prepare matters for the evening, so goodby until later.

[*Exit Taylor.*]

HARRY—There goes the sweetest girl on earth. I think, Mr. Gibson, your stay on the Rappahannock is prolonged by your admiration for Miss Hattie Taylor.

[*Enter Eben and Harry looks delighted as he sees him.*]

EBEN—I done come to tell you, Massa Harry, dat dere is to be a grand feast and corn shuckin' here tonight amongst all de darkies of Annandale, Oakenbrow, Woodlawn and Walsingham, all in honor of Annandale's young massa who has done come home after beating dem all at college. [*Harry laughs.*] Don't you done believe, Massa Harry, dat all de roosters on de plantation am gobblin', de turkeys am crowin' and de pickaninnies am turnin' flip flaps, cause deir young massa am come back. I declar, Massa Harry, look yonder [*pointing his finger*] see your ridin' hoss, Firebug, lookin' over die fence in dis way. He knows you done come home.

HARRY—It is true, Eben, he is looking this way. It may be animal instinct. I will soon go down to the field and receive his congratulations. Eben, you will find in that large box, that was brought from the wharf, some presents for Tilda, yourself and the negroes.

EBEN—Bress your honey heart. You done never did forget us.

[*Exit Eben and enter Judge.*]

JUDGE—My dear son, I must take your hand again and say that the name of Mortimer, of Old King George, will be perpetuated by you in its highest chivalry and loftiest standard, when I am gone. My son, what do they say North of Buchanan's latest act, and the new party that has been formed, who, it is claimed, will interfere with state rights?

HARRY—Father, some of the Northern papers are bitter, while others are conservative and conciliatory, yet with that same delicacy of feeling that actuated Mr. Howland from touching on the sections and their different theories, the very same feeling deterred me from broaching any subject that would tend to embarrass my friend, especially as he's my guest.

JUDGE—[Slapping his son on the shoulder.] A real Virginian and a thorough and wellbred gentleman. Mr. Howland is our guest and it may be his last visit here. No real gentleman will touch on any subject that is displeasing to those they are entertaining.

HARRY—Father, I am anxious to go down to the field to see the negroes and to receive the welcome of Firebug. Won't you come with me?

JUDGE—Certainly, my son. We will go together.

[Exit both Judge and Harry.]

[Enter Eben with box.]

EBEN—Tilda, Tilda!

[Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—What is it Eben?

EBEN—Come here woman. See dose nice presents our young massa done brought us from Baltimore.
[Slaves peeping.]

TILDA—[Picking one out.] My lands, what a honey-sugar plum Massa Harry is. He done know my weakness for colors. [Laugh in the bushes.] Wonder if dem chillen am strayin' round here?

EBEN—Wife, you mus' have all dem darkies fixed up tonight, as all de white folks am comin' from all de

plantations to welcome Massa Harry home, and to hear de singin' of all de darkies on de plantation.

TILDA—[*Picking out two handkerchiefs.*] Sure as you are born, husband, here are handkerchiefs for little Zena and Ike.

EBEN—Look here woman. Here am my present, sure enough. Here am a deacon's coat. Now, how did Massa Harry done know dat I was made a deacon at de las' bush meetin'?

TILDA—Why, husband, Massa Harry done know dat you got religion, at de las' revival meetin' at Oakenbrow.

EBEN—How did he know I was made a deacon?

TILDA—Why, man, don't you know dat preacher Jackson, de new pastor on de Caroline side done told massa jedge dat you was done raised to a deacon fer convertin' dat hard sinner, Bill Wilson of Bellgrove, and makin' him go to de mourner's bench?

EBEN—Well, I declare.

TILDA—I done see Mistah Gibson yesteday pick up flowers in de garden an' hand dem to Miss Taylor.

EBEN—It makes no diffunce where dat man walks wid Miss Taylor, her heart am bound up wid our young Massa Harry.

TILDA—Now, you is talkin' husband, and Massa Harry done love her, too.

EBEN—Yes, and dey match jes like two turtle doves.

TILDA—Man don't know de human heart like a woman. Dat Mistah Gibson has badness in his heart for our young massa.

EBEN—Dat is what I think.

TILDA—You done know everything when I tell you.

[Enter Judge.]

JUDGE—Eben, see that everything is ready for to-night. Tell all the negroes on Annandale that they are to have a holiday tomorrow, in honor of their young master's return.

EBEN and TILDA—Thank you, Massa Jedge!

[Exit *Tilda* and *Eben* and enter *Howland*.]

HOWLAND—Judge Mortimer, Annandale has donned its holiday garb in honor of its young master. What an easy and poetical atmosphere you Virginians live in. Today my bosom throbbed with joy when I heard the voices of the slaves singing: "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." It seemed like reading a page from fiction.

JUDGE—Mr. Howland, with Virginians, the personality of a man ranks higher than nationality or wealth. When that is all right, he has free access to our hearts and homes. In the last four years, you and my son have alternated in your summer vacations—he spending two in Boston, and you two here in Virginia. You both have ended your college life, and this may be the last time I will ever see you again, as man has no lease on life. Human affairs take many shapes as years roll on. It is only the discerning and philosophical mind that can detect the tendency of the times. The solid friends of one year become sometimes the bitterest enemies in the next, if conditions and self-interests change. You and Harry have been classmates for four years, and that length of time seems to have cemented you both into a solid and inseparable friendship. Although I never had the good fortune of seeing your parents, yet I know the ancestral history of the Howlands of Massachusetts who left England a little before the Mortimers of Virginia.

HOWLAND—Yes, Judge. Father told me his ancestors were amongst the Puritans that left England right after the great civil war between the king and parliament, and further stated that one of them, named Edward Howland, distinguished himself at the Battle of Marston Moor.

JUDGE—Correct, my dear friend, and on the other hand, the Mortimers who came to Virginia after that terrible conflict were known as the Cavaliers. They were also participants in that civil war, and the head of that

family was Henry Mortimer, whose valor was conspicuous at the Battle of Edge Hill, under Prince Rupert. This land on the Rappahannock, known as Annandale, was a special grant of King Charles of England to Henry Mortimer, who was the founder of this house. He was my great ancestor, and his name is perpetuated in my son Harry, but strange to say, Mr. Howland, he fought on the opposite side to your people. I have now given you the genealogical history of the Mortimers, and I hope that nothing in life will sever the friendship of Harry and yourself.

HOWLAND—Judge, I assure you that no matter what may come up in the future, the sacred tie of friendship between Harry and myself will stand all tests.

JUDGE—I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Howland. Hope you will kindly excuse me for a while.

HOWLAND—Certainly, Judge.

[*Exit Judge.*]

HOWLAND—Grand, proud and exalted old Roman, one of the last of the chivalrous and magnanimous Virginians. With what care and delicacy he brought before my vision the pending storm. Could history repeat itself that the same blood and social ties that met each other in deathly conflict in England should meet again on American soil for other causes. Oh, no! Absurd! Fanaticism will die out, and those firebrands on both sides will be extinguished by the cool logic of men of both sections.

[*Enter Harry.*]

HARRY—What Lester! In somber thought? Let that for the outside world. The negroes of the surrounding plantations are to give us tonight a real Virginia corn shucking scene, and the songs and dances of the old Virginia darky.

HOWLAND—Indeed, it would be a novel sight for people of my section of the country to witness.

HARRY—Well, Lester, it may be a long time before I see you again in Virginia, and I want to make your stay this time a continuous round of pleasure and gaiety.

HOWLAND—Harry, you are a happy mortal. Your magnetic personality is the cause of it all. Even the dumb beasts of the field realize that someone has come to Annandale that has thrown a ray of sunshine over all. Today, as the boat drew near the wharf, I saw upon the faces of those slaves a genuine love for their young master that could be compared only to the children of the sun who used to bow their heads in sacred worship as he began his rise in the early morn. Why, that old slave Eben would lay down his life for you.

HARRY—Lester, my father has always been kind to his slaves, and I have tried to follow in his footsteps.

HOWLAND—As I rode by Bellgrove, some time ago, I noticed Mr. Gibson sitting on the porch with Miss Taylor.

HARRY—I have heard that he has been down here for some time as a guest of Walsingham.

HOWLAND—I noticed his attentions to Miss Taylor were rather marked on my last visit here, but there is no disguising the fact, Miss Taylor loves but one man, and he is the heir of Annandale.

HARRY—And there is but one girl that he loves, and that is Hattie Taylor, of Bellgrove.

HOWLAND—She is indeed worthy of your love, and there may be a race between us as to who will be married first, you to Miss Taylor or I to Miss Jennie Hawkins of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HARRY—Oh! You old sly fox. You never spoke of that before, though to quote old Tilda, the houseservant, "I noticed a honeybee of love playing between you both" on my last visit with you to Miss Hawkins' home.

[Exit both Howland and Harry.]

[Enter Judge and Churchill.]

CHURCHILL—Judge Mortimer, I must say that I am thoroughly fascinated with the manners of your house-

servant, Eben, and when I return to England I would like to take him along as my bodyservant.

JUDGE—[*Laughing.*] Ah! Mr. Churchill, that would be a rather difficult matter, as I believe he would grieve himself to death to be away any length of time from his young master.

CHURCHILL—I notice that he is greatly attached to him.

JUDGE—Mr. Churchill, Eben is a free negro and his freedom papers were given to him by myself for a piece of heroism and fidelity in saving the life of his young master.

CHURCHILL—Ah! Indeed?

JUDGE—When Harry was about eight years of age, Eben was rowing him over the river from the Carolina side. The boy in reaching over the side of the boat to pick up something from the water fell overboard. The faithful old slave first reached an oar, but as soon as Harry clutched, it broke. In his mad frenzy to save my son, he leaped into the water and grappled him, but as the slave was only a fair swimmer, his strength was gradually giving away with the encumbrance of the boy, who held him closely around the neck, but the old slave faithfully struggled to the boat and grasped the side of it. With one hand holding the side of the boat and the other around the boy, he was finally rescued by people from the Fort Conway side who witnessed the whole incident from the shore.

CHURCHILL—What an extraordinary piece of heroism in a mere slave.

JUDGE—The most peculiar, and yet the most humorous act of Eben's was when I wanted to give him his freedom papers for his noble act. In fact, he refused them. The whole plantation was astounded at his manner in positively refusing to be set free. He had an idea that freedom meant separation from both his masters, so he cried and begged not to be made a free negro, as he wanted to belong to his old home while he lived, and then again

he always looked down on a free negro, as he believed they were guilty of some misdemeanor.

CHURCHILL—What a wonderful and devoted black man he is.

JUDGE—However, Mr. Churchill, I have made a record of his freedom at King George Court House.

CHURCHILL—Judge, this is my first trip to America. I am a retired business man of no family, and but one relative, who has extensive estates in Lancashire, England. I have at present large interests in India and British Guiana, but I have instructed my agents there to close them out. My income at present is very large and my physician in London advised me entirely to dispense with business cares and go to America for a year or two for my health. Although I do not look it, Judge, my health is very bad.

JUDGE—I hope, Mr. Churchill, that you will regain some of your strength here in America, and I think there is no better place to recuperate than here in Old Virginia.

CHURCHILL—I believe it, Judge, as I feel somewhat better since I came over.

JUDGE—What do they think in England of the trend of political affairs in the United States at present?

CHURCHILL—To be candid, Judge, the best thinkers in England fear that there will be trouble yet between the states.

JUDGE—What! A civil war! That would be fratricidal—it would be a national calamity, Mr. Churchill.

CHURCHILL—I would be sorry to see any trouble between people of the same blood, but yet, you know, Judge, of our two great civil wars in England—one the War of the Roses, that lasted twenty years and, the other between parliament and Charles the First.

JUDGE—Virginia, particularly, would deplore such an issue.

CHURCHILL—Would it be too bold and embarrassing a question, Judge, in my asking you what position do you

think Virginia would take should serious trouble arise between the Northern and Southern states?

JUDGE—Ah! My dear friend, that is a question that an humble son of Virginia, at present, would find too perplexing to answer.

CHURCHILL—You know, Judge, there are strong ties between England and Virginia.

JUDGE—There should be, for even this soil on which we stand was a special grant to a great ancestor of mine from King Charles of England.

CHURCHILL—The Old Dominion has indeed a grand record behind her.

JUDGE—A state that gave American liberty a Washington, and that was prominent in building up a republic now great and still growing, would look with pain and horror upon its dissolution, but whatever course Virginia takes, should a crisis arise, you may rest assured, Mr. Churchill, she will be actuated only by principle and honesty of purpose.

CHURCHILL—Noble sentiments, indeed, Judge Mortimer.

[*Enter Eben.*]

EBEN—Massa Jedge, dere am ladies and gemmen in de parlor, dat wish to see you and Mistah Churchill.

JUDGE—We will go in, Mr. Churchill.

[*Exit Judge, Churchill and Eben.*]

[*Enter Gibson.*]

GIBSON—The parlors of Annandale are crowded. All the plantations will be represented tonight in honor of Harry Mortimer's return. How I hate the popularity of this man, and especially as he stands between me and the girl I love. That Yankee Howland I also despise. He does not even know what an insult is. Tonight will tell whether Miss Taylor looks favorably on my suit or not. I'll put her to the test.

[*Enter Taylor.*]

TAYLOR—Why, you here alone, Mr. Gibson. I thought you were to bring Miss Williams of Walsingham to see the jubilee.

GIBSON—No, Miss Taylor, I am not interested in Miss Williams.

TAYLOR—Ah! Indeed?

GIBSON—I hear that there are quite a number of people coming from Port Royal.

TAYLOR—Yes, Mr. Gibson, the Mortimers have made Annandale the most talked of plantation on the lower Rappahannock for its hospitality.

GIBSON—The Judge himself is an admirable character.

TAYLOR—He is a true type of the exalted Virginian, who respects everyone's opinion, but despises deceit and hypocrisy.

GIBSON—Miss Taylor, this is my third visit to King George, and it may possibly be my last. It may be bold in me to say that my admiration of you has exceeded the ordinary bounds of the casual friend in its warmth and ardor. As you are aware, I have distinguished relatives on the Carolina side of the river. My home is a beautiful country seat in Cumberland County, Maryland. I am the only son of Robert Gibson, whose ancestors were among the first settlers of that state. While we never owned slaves, our estates are so large and remunerative that our income is sufficient to maintain us in perfect security from any adversity through life. Miss Hattie, I confess to you that I love you dearly, and ask you to become my wife. [Going through the manner of the usual suitor.]

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson, I have listened to the recital of your lineage and earthly possessions, but were you the heir of the richest estates on earth, and your blood descended from the Caesars, I would have to politely decline your proffer of marriage. What hospitality and polite attention I have shown you at Bellgrove was done in the traditional spirit of a Virginia girl. If you have

construed those attentions to other than the proverbial spirit of our people, you have been mistaken. I hope, Mr. Gibson, you will consider this answer no slight but the polite refusal of a girl who wishes to marry only the man she loves.

[Enter Howland.]

HOWLAND—Good evening, all. The roads from Port Conway are lined with vehicles all directed towards Annandale. [Looking at Gibson.] Are you not going to see the slaves' jubilee, Mr. Gibson?

GIBSON—Such things may suit your vulgar tastes and people from your section of the country, but not mine.

[Enter Harry in rear listening to last sentence.]

HOWLAND—[Looking sharp and indignant at Gibson and moving towards him.] Mr. Gibson, whether the nature of the entertainment pleases me or people from my section of the country, it matters not. The spirit of the whole occasion is in honor of the genial young master of Annandale.

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson, your manner is not what it should be to a guest of this plantation.

GIBSON—My manner, Miss Taylor, is a matter of interpretation, on which Mr. Howland can place his own construction.

HOWLAND—[Looking defiant.] My interpretation of your manner, sir, is that it is grossly insulting and a lady's presence prevents me from resenting it.

HARRY—[With wrathful look, moving forward and facing Gibson.] It is my duty to resent any insult offered to a guest of my home. [Addressing Miss Taylor.] Miss Taylor, will you kindly withdraw for a moment?

TAYLOR—[Leaving.] Harry, my dear, discretion.

[Exit Taylor.]

HARRY—[Throwing a withering look at Gibson.] Mr. Gibson, there is one sacred social law that a Virginian will not allow to be violated, and that is the law of politeness and respect to his guest. You have violated that law in

insulting my honored guest, and I demand that you apologize to Mr. Howland for your insult.

GIBSON—I refuse! [*Haughtily.*]

HARRY—Then you are not a gentleman, but a coward, and I want you to leave here at once. Go!

[Enter Judge, Crill, Taylor, Churchill, and all.]

GIBSON—[Leaving.] I'll go, Mr. Mortimer, but there may come a time when I may be able to dictate to you on this very ground. [Exit Gibson.]

JUDGE—[Advancing towards his son.] What is the cause of this scene, my son?

HARRY—Father, Mr. Gibson insulted Mr. Howland right in the presence of Miss Taylor, and I would be unworthy to be called a "Virginian" if I did not resent it.

JUDGE—Right, my boy. You are only demanding the time-honored deference and respect of your people towards their guests. Ladies and gentleman, let us all retire to allow the negroes to get ready for their jubilee.

[Exit all but Eben and Tilda.]

EBEN—Mr. Gibson got stung dat time from our young massa.

TILDA—An' didn't Miss Taylor sting him, too, when he was pestering her about marriage?

EBEN—I done told you I never did like dat man, Mistah Gibson. I never done courted you dat way did I, Tilda?

TILDA—You had done better not, I would have stung you worse dan Miss Taylor stung Mr. Gibson, but I mus' say dat you was de mos' jealous bee dat I ever see.

EBEN—When was I jealous?

TILDA—Don't you remember, man, before I done married you, at de big barbecue dat was given by de Woodlawn darkies when big Bill Jackson, who am now over at Canning, asked me to dance wid him, and put his arms around my neck, why your two eyes looked like coals in de stove, and dat whole night you never done leave my side?

EBEN—Never mind talkin’ about dem old foolish days of man. You yourself was a jealous bird.

TILDA—When was I jealous?

EBEN—Don’t you remember at de big ball at Bellgrove, when Phoebe Green done gib me a red handkerchief for a New Year’s gift, you done tore it to pieces, and you told dat gal she better stay over on her own plantation? Dat’s what you did.

TILDA—Stop talkin’ bout dem old giddy days of woman. Let us git everything nice fer tonight. We want to show Massa Harry dat de Annandale niggers will win de prizes.

EBEN—Mr. Howland is a nice man if he am a Yankee man. I done like him next to Massa Harry.

TILDA—Now, you is talkin’ old man.

[*Singing heard in the distance from the slaves of the incoming plantations.*]

EBEN—Here dey all come, Tilda.

[*Slaves enter, general hand shake all round, with words of welcome spoken by each captain.*]

EBEN—Come captains, we mus’ have everything all ready before we call de white folks out. I will call off de captains from de diffunt plantations. Captain Blass of Bellgrove.

BLASS—Here I is!

EBEN—Captain Parsnip of Woodlawn.

PARSNIP—Here I is!

EBEN—Captain Crow of Oakenbrow.

CROW—Here I is!

EBEN—Now all you darkies get ready. First will be de dancing and singing between Woodlawn, Annandale and Bellgrove. Den de essence of Ole Virginny, den de corn shucking, and las’ de Virginia reel. Monroe, got all dem chairs ready for de white folks?

MONROE—Yes, Eben.

EBEN—Bid dem all enter.

[*All enter and take chairs. Beginning of festivities, and after Virginia reel. Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST

Time, May 1, 1863. Picket scene before Chancellorsville, along Rappahannock river.

CASY—[*Federal picket.*] Ho, there, Johnnie, I want to make a swap with you. Come here, no one will see us.

MOORE—[*Confederate picket.*] All right, Yank. Thought you were wearing iron shoes since that mud march you got into last December when you stole away from us at Fredericksburg.

CASY—Never mind about fighting, Johnnie. We want to do a little trading now. Have you any tobacco?

MOORE—Reckon I have, Yank. Have you any coffee?

CASY—Certainly, here it is. [Showing it.]

MOORE—Place it on the ground. We must not be seen together.

CASY—All right, here it is. [Walking half way and placing it on the ground.]

MOORE—[Advancing and picking it up, at the same time laying tobacco on the ground.] Here is my tobacco, Yank.

CASY—Let us sit down a while and have a little talk, no one will see us.

MOORE—Reckon it will be all right. [Both sit down.]

CASY—What corps do you belong to?

MOORE—Stonewall Jackson's corps, A. P. Hill's division and one of the Stonewall brigade.

CASY—[Looking at him in surprise.] What! One of Stonewall Jackson's men? A soldier every inch of you and a brave one at that. I'll shake your hand. [Both extend hands.]

MOORE—What's your corps, Yank?

CASY—13th army corps, Meagher's Irish brigade. I am one of the 69th New York.

MOORE—What! Meagher's brigade of Irishmen that made the three charges against the Stonewall last December at Fredericksburg?

CASY—I am one of the very same, sah! I am just over a wound I got in that charge.

MOORE—[*Rising.*] I shake your hand, sir. The Irish brigade's valor, sah, is the talk of the army of Northern Virginia. We first met you at Fair Oaks, then at Gaines Mill. You held us at bay several times on McClellan's retreat to Harrison's landing. No matter what side we fight on, brave men always honor brave men.

CASY—[*Enthusiastically.*] Here take all my coffee, and any other damn thing I have, and here are the New York papers, too.

MOORE—Here are the Richmond papers for you.

CASY—[*Rising.*] We must be going now, Johnnie. The pickets lately have been watched. They say we are getting too sociable. I hope this war will soon be over.

MOORE—Yes, partner, I reckon if the soldiers had the settlement of it it would have been over long ago.

CASY—Get to your place quick, Johnnie. Somebody is coming.

[*Both exit.*]

SCENE SECOND.

Confederate campfire. Soldiers sitting around laughing. [*Enter Moore.*]

TURNER—Well, Moore, what did you get from the Yankee picket?

MOORE—A generous Yankee he was. He was an Irishman from Meagher's Irish brigade that made that terrible charge at Fredericksburg, and a true Irishman he was. He complimented our troops on their great valor.

TURNER—He's like all brave men. He gives credit to whom credit is due. Well, boys, we'll soon give the enemy another brush, as soon as Joe Hooker comes out of the Wilderness.

MOORE—Boys, the foot cavalry is ready at any time for old Stonewall's call.

TURNER—Moore, what do you think will be old Jack's next move?

MOORE—Captain, don't you know that old phrase of Jack's?

TURNER—No, what is it?

MOORE—He said that if his coat knew his thoughts, he would cast it off. [Soldiers all laugh.]

TURNER—Right you are.

MOORE—We might get orders this very moment to march tonight. [All laugh.]

TURNER—What do you think of John Pelham, boys?

MOORE—The best artillerist in either army. Didn't he hold the enemy back at Hamilton's crossing last December at Fredericksburg.

TURNER—Right you are, Moore.

[Soldiers all applaud.]

MOORE—Yes, and Uncle Bob didn't forget to mention it, either.

TURNER—Boys, the bravest act that I have seen during the war, from first Bull Run down to Fredericksburg, was the act of that boy from old King George, Colonel Harry Mortimer, of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry. At our last battle of Fredericksburg, on the right at Hamilton's crossing, the enemy made a gallant charge on General Gregg's forces, and captured a piece of our artillery. As they were going off with it, Colonel Mortimer rode up and with drawn sword called on his men to follow him to recapture the gun. The soldiers answered with cheers and made a charge for it. The Colonel, who was in the lead, was the first to place his hand on the gun. The field piece was recaptured and brought back into our lines in full view of that portion of the army. Jeb Stuart himself rode up and complimented Colonel Mortimer on the spot. [Rousing applause from the soldiers.]

MOORE—Brave act it was, Captain. We have all heard of Mortimer's bravery, boys.

TURNER—Boys, we are to have an entertainment at the campfire, tonight. The Stonewall Quartet is coming and I hear that General Stuart is coming to hear the songs

and Sweeney, his banjo player, to accompany them.
 [Music heard and soldiers listen.]

[Enter quartet accompanied by Stuart. Cheers.]

STUART—I see you are enjoying yourselves, boys. That's right, we may have a hard march before us at any time.

TURNER—We are pleased to see you here, General, as we all know you love music and song.

MOORE—Come, boys, let the Stonewall Glee Club start her agoing. [Sings.]

TURNER—Come, Sweeney, give us something on the banjo.

STUART—Sweeney, the boys want to hear you.

SWEENEY—All right, General. [Plays.]

TURNER—General Stuart, Private Moore will now give us the new recitation of the army, called “Stonewall Jackson's Way.”

SWEENEY and SOLDIERS—Good for you, Moore.

MOORE—with pleasure, boys. [Recites “Stonewall Jackson's Way.”]

“Come stack arms, pile on the rails,
 Stir up the campfires bright,
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 The lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong
 To swell the brigade's roaring song
 Of Stonewall Jackson's way.

“We see him now, the old slouch hat
 Cocked o'er his eye askew,
 The shrewd dried smile, the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The blue light elder knows them well,
 Says he: “That's Banks, he's fond of shell,
 Lord save his soul, we'll give him”—well
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"Silence! Ground arms. Kneel, all caps off,
Old Bluelight's going to pray:
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention! That's his way.
Appealing for his native sod,
Lay bare thy arm, stretch forth thy rod,
Amen! That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"He's in the saddle, now fall in,
Steady the whole brigade,
Hill's at the ford cut off,
We'll win his way out ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn:
What matter if our feet are torn:
Quick step! We're with them before morn—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"The sun's bright lances rout the mists of morn
And, by George, there's Longstreet, struggling
in the ditch
Hemmed in an ugly gorge,
Pope and his columns whipped before,
Bayonets and grape, hear old Stonewall roar.
Charge! Stuart pay off Ashby's score—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"Ah! Maiden, wait and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band:
Ah! Maid with eyes that burn,
The ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn,
The foe has ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way."

[*Loud applause and cheer from outside.*]

STUART—Bravo! Private Moore.

[Enter Courier.]

COURIER—[Saluting.] General Stuart! [Hands him message.]

STUART—[Reading message.] Captain Turner, General Jackson will be here at once. Have all your men ready to report to their quarters for marching orders.

[Soldiers rise.]

MOORE—What did I tell you, boys, about old Jack? There is something in the wind. [Loud cheering heard from outside.]

[Enter Jackson.]

JACKSON—We must not make much noise, boys. The enemy might hear us.

SOLDIERS—[Leaving.] “It’s Stonewall Jackson’s way.”

JACKSON—General, why should we not win battles with such men as those?

[Exit all but Jackson and Stuart.]

STUART—It’s a fact, General.

[Jackson draws up two cracker boxes.]

JACKSON—Sit down, General. [Each sits on a box.] General, I have just left General Lee, and after a long conference we have decided to attack the Federal Army on flank and rear. While it is against the maxims and first rules of war for a general to divide his forces in front of an enemy, yet all rules and maxims must be subordinated to the circumstances and case at hand. We have decided to take my whole corps and make a flank movement and strike General Hooker in the rear, near Wilderness Tavern. You, with the able assistance of Fitzhugh Lee’s cavalry brigade, will guard the army’s flank and mask the movement. General Lee is to remain in front of the enemy, making demonstrations of attack, while we are on the march to his rear. It is a hazardous undertaking, but desperate situations require desperate means. [Turning and looking Stuart full in the face.] General, we have made just as equal and desperate movement

against General Pope at Second Manassas and were successful, and with a kind Providence, I hope this attack on the enemy will be equally so.

STUART—General, there is nothing that I would not undertake with the same zeal and spirit as yourself. We must make Joe Hooker come out of the Wilderness.

JACKSON—Now to the details of the movement, we are to start at daybreak for the enemies flank. A loyal friend of one of my staff will guide us through roads and paths rarely frequented. Should they be impassible, we will take the Brock road to a certain point. If the enemy should observe our movement, we will turn as if to go south, to give him the idea that we are retreating, but after a certain distance we will make another turn in the road and pursue a direct course to his rear. General, your judgment is ever mine, and should any unforeseen contingency arise, I know you will be able to cope with it. This movement must be made with as much secrecy and celerity as possible. General! [*Looking Stuart sternly in the face.*] Ever since this movement on the enemy has been contemplated, one desire has occupied my whole thoughts. It is this: to block and defend United States ford against the retreat of the Federal Army, should our attack against them be successful. The enemy's stealthful cross of the Rappahannock last December at Fredericksburg has ever rankled in my brain, and I don't want him to repeat it, in case of his defeat.

STUART—You are right, General.

JACKSON—With General Lee amusing the enemy in front, while we are stealthily marching to his rear,—United States ford defended,—there will be only one way for the Federal Army to escape destruction, and that only by cutting a passage through our lines to regain the north side of the river.

STUART—General, how many men do you think will be required to hold the ford until we can assist them?

JACKSON—The success of the defense of the ford, General, will not depend altogether on the number of men, as it will on the metal of the officer who will be in command. Amongst your junior officers is there one that you can recommend for this emergency?

STUART—Yes, General, his name is Colonel Mortimer of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry. While under my command his conduct has been heroic and his coolness in the crisis of battle I never saw surpassed. In my next report I wish to recommend his promotion.

JACKSON—Is he near at hand?

STUART—Yes, General.

JACKSON—Send for him at once, General.

STUART—[Stepping to the rear and calling his aide.] Sweeney!

[*Sweeney entering and saluting.*]

STUART—Do you know Colonel Mortimer's location of quarters?

SWEENEY—Yes, General.

STUART—Present him my compliments. Inform him that General Jackson desires to see him at once.

SWEENEY—All right, General. [*Saluting.*]

[*Exit Sweeney.*]

STUART—General, you can depend on your old foot cavalry to do anything for you. I must say you look better in your new uniform than in the old faded cap and coat.

JACKSON—Ah! General, I thank you heartily for this present, but don't you know my old soldiers hardly knew me at Fredericksburg, when I passed along the lines the morning of the battle, and they considered their feelings hurt because I had discarded the old familiar faded coat and cap.

STUART—[*Laughing heartily.*] It is true, General, I have heard of that incident. [*Horse heard in the distance.* Enter Harry. *Stuart and Jackson arise.*] Colonel Mortimer allow me to introduce you to General Jackson.

HARRY—I am honored and pleased with the introduction, General. [Exit Stuart.]

JACKSON—Colonel Mortimer, I am to select you for a very important mission. It is rarely I tell my plans to any of my officers, but the nature of your movement and mission necessitates the revealing of the attack on the enemy—so you can govern yourself accordingly, but you are to impart no information to anyone until you arrive at the end of your journey. We are to leave at dawn for the march. You are to precede us tonight with six regiments of picked troops which will be placed under your command by General Stuart. Two guides who live in the vicinity of United States ford will direct you to it by an unknown route through the Wilderness. When you arrive at the ford, make such disposition of your forces that will leave the enemy to believe that you have more men than you really have. At the sound of our guns tomorrow, which will be about three or four p. m., if all goes well, be ready for an attack. Should we drive and rout the enemy, their first thought will be of their line of retreat across the river by the way of United States ford. [Looking at Mortimer boldly and placing his hand on his shoulder.] Young man, of the number of brave officers of our army that were suggested to execute this bold movement, General Stuart recommended you as the very man for such a crisis and emergency. I say to you, Colonel, hold the ford until we can swing a part of the army around to your aid, even if it takes a sacrifice, unless you have other orders.

MORTIMER—General Jackson, I am fully alive to the spirit of this movement. I will hold the ford if it takes the sacrifice of my life.

JACKSON—I hope you will live, Colonel Mortimer, to see a glorious victory, which you will help to gain. So goodby, and Godspeed.

[Exit Mortimer and Jackson.]

[Enter Stuart and Sweeney ready for the march.]

SWEENEY—I hope, General, we will get as much lobster salad and champagne on this trip as we did when we swung around Pope at Seeond Manassas. [Stuart laughs.]

STUART—We may not be so fortunate this time, Sweeney, in the way of luxuries.

SWEENEY—They say the 11th corps carries some fine cattle. We may be able to eat a sirloin tomorrow evening. [Stuart laughs. Music heard.]

STUART—Sweeney, the march has started.

SWEENEY—There is Fitzhugh Lee riding alongside of Jackson. He looks ready for any fight, but who is that dashing young officer that is ahead of the troops?

STUART—Sweeney, can't you perceive? That is Colonel Mortimer. [Grand entry. Enter drum corps and band, Jackson and Fitzhugh Lee enter at head of column and halt alongside of Stuart. Exit Sweeney. Troops enter, Mortimer in advance. Immense cheering as troops pass on when they pass Jackson. Column passes over the stage at a period of ten minutes. Jackson, Stuart and Lee with hats off in recognition of the cheering of the soldiers, music at all times playing. Exit Stuart, Jackson and Lee, after column has passed. Closing of scene second.]

SCENE THIRD.

[Federal campfire, soldiers sitting around, smoking and laughing. Enter Casy and Krouse.]

CASY—There is no use talking, Krouse, the next battle will be fought right here in this part of the country.

KROUSE—I believe that, Corporal Casy.

CASY—Here we are cooped up in a forest cage, and we hardly can see each other ten feet away.

KROUSE—That's so, Corporal. Did you hear that that brave Franz Sigel is taken from us?

CASY—When did that happen?

KROUSE—Yesterday.

CASY—Sorry to hear that Jacob.

KROUSE—How did they expect us Germans to fight with any heart, when they remove our brave general?

CASY—Krouse, it is the talk of the army that the name of Stonewall Jackson will set the Germans flying like wild geese.

KROUSE—Yes, Dennis, but there are others that join in that geese flight, too. [*Casy and soldiers all laugh.*]

CASY—You are right, Krouse, and no mistake.

KROUSE—I don't mind what you say, Casy, you took care of me when I was wounded. You Irish are full of jokes and brave soldiers, too, but I want to tell you about this Jackson business, and how that joke got around about those Germans. You see Stonewall Jackson is everywhere. We first met him at Winchester, then at Strasburg, then at Port Royal, also at Port Republic, and then when we thought he was at Richmond, he came way round by our back front side at Second Bull Run, steals all our provisions, then gives them to his soldiers, goes behind the railroad cut, hits us in our rear front, when we thought he was two hundred miles away. Boys, I think his army and himself travels by the wing. [*All laugh heartily.*]

CASY—It is true, Krouse, Stonewall is the devil. He bothers us all, but it seems that he has it in for the Germans. [*Soldiers laugh.*]

KROUSE—It looks like it, Corporal.

[*Singing heard.*]

CASY—Here comes some of the Maryland boys, that have been lately added to our brigade, and they are a social and brave set at that.

KROUSE—You bet they are, Casy.

[*Enter quartet.*]

BROWN—Hello, Casy and Krouse. Boys, here are the two funniest characters in the army.

KROUSE—And none can beat Casy for bravery or singing.

BROWN—Boys, we must put in the afternoon in some fun.

KROUSE—What do you think of Colonel Howland?

CASY—One of the bravest soldiers that ever faced an enemy. Why he could not pass a wounded soldier without offering him the contents of his canteen.

BROWN—Rightfully said, Casy. I wonder where we are going to strike old Stonewall next. We hit him at Fredericksburg last time.

CASY—Yes, Sergeant, we struck him like a rubber ball that hits a brick wall. We rebounded back to the other side of the Rappahannock. [*Soldiers all laugh.*]

BROWN—That's true, Casy.

CASY—For heaven's sake, say nothing about Stonewall. Krouse blames him for Sigel's removal.

KROUSE—He's the cause of other general's removals, Dennis.

[*All laugh.*]

BROWN—You're right, Krouse.

CASY—Sergeant Brown, we are proud to have you Maryland boys added to our brigade.

BROWN—Pleased to hear it Casy. Let us have some singing this afternoon.

CASY—That's right, Sergeant.

[*Quartet commences to sing all songs of the Union.*]

BROWN—We must be jolly, boys, for God only knows how many of us will be alive after the next battle.

KROUSE—I want to say one thing about our next battle. Our last battle was at Fredericksburg. We don't know where our next battle will be, but I will say one thing, that if we are attacked, and they would say that Stonewall Jackson was five hundred miles away, I want to say right here to you boys, he will be the first one that will hit us, and it will be us Germans, even if we are in the rear of the army. [*Soldiers all laugh heartily.*]

[*Cheering heard in the distance. Soldiers listen.*]

CASY—It is Colonel Howland, boys, here he comes.

[*Enter Howland.*]

HOWLAND—That's right, boys, enjoy yourselves. I heard your singing and I came over to enjoy your songs.

BROWN—Come, Casy, give us one of your Irish songs.
[*Soldiers all applaud.*]

HOWLAND—Corporal Casy, if your singing equals your bravery, I will listen till night.

CASY—if my singing, Colonel, equaled the admiration your soldiers have for you, I would be willing to die the next battle.

BROWN and KROUSE—You are right, Corporal.
[*Casy sings.*]

CASY—Come Krouse, give us Sigel and the "Bully Lager Beer."

BROWN and SOLDIERS—Oh! Yes, Krouse.

KROUSE—All right, boys. [*Krouse sings. Loud applause.*]

BROWN—Boys, wasn't that a strange incident of the war that the First Maryland Regiment of the Confederate Army met the First Maryland Regiment of the Union Army in battle?

CASY—And the best of it all, they were both brave fighters.

BROWN—Right you are, my boy.

CASY—This is the beautiful month of May, 1863. It is an afternoon of sunshine. We are well stocked and surrounded with all the supplies of war and far away from any enemy.

KROUSE—Hold on there, Casy, don't you be too sure of that.

[*Enter Courier, saluting.*]

COURIER—Colonel Howland, General Howard wants to see you at once. It is reported that cavalry has been seen on our flank today, and Confederate troops observed near United States ford. [*Soldiers partially rise to their feet.*]

HOWLAND—I must leave you, boys.

[*Exit Courier and Howland.*]

CASY—I think it is only one of Jeb Stuart's raids.
[*Soldiers resume their sitting posture again.*]

BROWN—They say that Lee has sent Jackson to Suffolk with his whole corps.

KROUSE—I don't care if Lee sent Jackson to Egypt, he would come around by way of New York, and would be the first to attack us in our rear.

CASY—Boys, Krouse is an old campaigner, and he knows all about Stonewall Jackson, anyway.

KROUSE—Yes, and I know something about Jeb Stuart, too. You boys who have been only in a few battles don't know Stuart like I do. Listen! Wherever you find Stuart, Jackson is near him somewhere, and I would not be surprised if Jackson were this minute behind us. [*Heavy discharge of musketry heard. Soldiers jump to their feet and listen. More discharge of musketry. Enter courier.*]

COURIER—Soldiers, you are ordered at once to your commands. Stonewall Jackson has attacked the 11th corps in the rear.

KROUSE—Mein Gott! What did I tell you about this Jackson? It is the Germans he has attacked, too.

[*Musketry heard. Federal soldiers falling back hurriedly carrying paraphernalia of war with them. Enter Gibson.*]

GIBSON—All is lost, men, we must avoid being captured.

[*Enter Howland with drawn sword and hat off.*]

HOWLAND—Halt! Right here, Captain Gibson. The first soldier that falls back, be he officer or private, I will have him shot on the spot. Rally, here boys. Don't stain your flag with cowardice. Let us make one more charge before the enemy reinforces. We must clear the ford. It is the salvation of our army. Come, follow me!

CASY—We are with you, Colonel Howland, to the last ditch. Come Krouse, Sigel is in command again.

KROUSE—I am right with you, Casy.

BROWN—Lead, Colonel. Maryland boys are with you.

[*End of scene third.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

[Enter Mortimer with soldiers and drawn sword.]

HARRY—Brave and valorous men, we still hold the ford and Jackson is driving them in on their center. [Musketry fire.] Boys you have done your duty. [Enter Moore.]

MOORE—[Saluting.] Colonel Mortimer, we have taken three hundred Yankee prisoners in their last charge, and amongst them was a gallant young officer who led them right up to our guns. The officer was so brave that our men were deterred from killing him.

HARRY—Send the prisoners to the rear, and bring the officer here.

[Exit Moore. Soliloquy.]

Whoever this officer is, he is a brave one indeed. Three different charges has he made to drive us from the ford.

[Enter Howland and Moore. Harry salutes, looks and with an exclamation of joy and bewilderment greets him.] What! My college friend, Lester Howland of Boston! What a coincidence! What a fatality! Truth is stranger than fiction. [Advances.] Give me your hand a thousand times. [Both shake hands, Howland laughs.]

HOWLAND—This indeed is a meeting that would stand in romance and fiction under the circumstances.

HARRY—Lester! You are the prisoner of one man and that is your friend, Harry Mortimer. I will explain this novel meeting to that flower of chivalry, General Stuart, my commanding officer. [Looking at Moore.] Sergeant, leave us a moment and see to the prisoners. [Exit Moore.] So you are the officer that has been making charges to drive us from the ford.

HOWLAND—The very same, Harry.

HARRY—You have bravely tried to execute your orders.

HOWLAND—While the novelty of our meeting is wonderful, yet I am indeed touched by gratitude for this generous greeting under such circumstances.

HARRY—Be jolly, my boy, we are fighting for two different causes that neither of us could avert, yet while in the line of duty, our bond of friendship will stand all the storms of civil strife. After this battle I will try and have you exchanged.

HOWLAND—How is your father, Harry?

HARRY—Father is very low. I am afraid I will never see him alive.

HOWLAND—How is your sweetheart, Miss Taylor?

HARRY—She is at Bellgrove. The declaration of war deferred our marriage.

[Enter Eben.]

EBEN—Massa Harry, de bulletts am drappin' all round Firebug.

HARRY—Don't be afraid Eben. Don't you know Mr. Howland?

HOWLAND—Don't you know me, Eben? I am Harry's prisoner now.

EBEN—Mr. Howland, I am done pleased to see you. [Raising his hands.] Fer de Lawd's sake, what strange things de war hab brought on. [Exit Eben.]

HOWLAND—So Eben followed you to the war.

HARRY—Yes, Lester, he cried and begged to go along and act as my bodyguard, but I have to send him back to father so he can attend to him in his low condition. Have you heard of Mr. Gibson since that July evening, 1860, at Annandale?

HOWLAND—[Smiling.] Jim Gibson, now Captain Gibson of one of the Maryland companies must be your prisoner and made so in the last charge, or he is killed.

HARRY—I venture to say he is neither.

[Moore enters and hands dispatch to Harry.]

HARRY—[After reading.] Lester, duty calls. Sergeant, escort Colonel Howland to a place of safety in our rear. He was my college friend at the North, and must be relieved of the ordeal of the ordinary prisoner. I will vouch for all.

MOORE—Colonel, your orders will be obeyed.

HARRY—Goodby, Lester.

HOWLAND—Goodby Harry, and God save you through the rest of the battle. [Exit Howland and Moore.
Enter Captain Turner and prisoners.]

TURNER—Hurry on here Yankees, we are not going to take thirty days to take you to our rear.

CASY—I only wish it took you only half that time to get to our rear, or we would not be here now. [Mortimer and Turner smile.]

KROUSE—Dat's right, Corporal Casy, don't stand any insults, if we don't walk fast. Our feet are our own.

TURNER—Come, Yanks, push on.

KROUSE—I am no Yank. I was born in Germany, and was once in the Prussian army.

TURNER—Don't care where you were born or what army you were in. You were taken prisoner in the Yankee army, and I have no time to listen to Duteh Yankees.

CASY—Kròuse, don't you know you are a white-washed Yankee, now?

KROUSE—All right, Dennis, it's what you say goes with me.

HARRY—Corporal, what command do you belong to?

CASY—To Colonel Howland's, sir, the bravest officer that ever led men into action. [Harry places his hand on Casy's arm and sees blood.]

HARRY—Captain Turner, this brave man is wounded. It is a bayonet thrust. Here is my handkerchief. [Taking it from his inside pocket.] I will bind your wound. [Binds handkerchief around Casy's arm.] Take him at once to a surgeon, Captain, don't delay.

KROUSE—Corporal, you wounded and never told me about it?

TURNER—Move on, Dutch Yankee.

KROUSE—[Leaving.] This is all the result of meeting Stonewall Jackson.

[Enter Eben.]

HARRY—What brings you here Eben?

EBEN—Massa, I was done 'fraid you was killed. Dem cannon bulletts am knockin' de trees down.

HARRY—I am afraid you will be killed. Go back at once to my quarters and have Firebug ready.

EBEN—My goodness, my young massa am a brave man.

[*Exit Eben. Enter Moore.*]

MOORE—[*Saluting.*] Colonel Mortimer, General Stuart commands you on your brave stand, but wants you to withdraw your forces at once and report to him at Wilderness church. In the darkness and confusion it is impossible to get troops to your aid.

HARRY—Report to General Stuart and tell his orders will be obeyed. [*Exit Harry and Moore.*]

[*End of scene four.*]

SCENE FIFTH.

[*Wounding of Stonewall Jackson. Enter Jackson and staff.*]

JACKSON—We must press forward. This disorder must be corrected.

[*Enter General Lane.*]

LANE—[*Saluting.*] General Jackson, there is a great deal of disorder in this darkness, and my command is greatly scattered.

JACKSON—[*Looking boldly at Lane.*] General Lane, we must press forward, and cut the enemy off from United States ford. Providence has given us a glorious victory. We must get between the enemy and the river. We must give them no chance to escape. Go back and tell Colston and Hill to press forward. Look out for surprises, and tell the commands for me to allow no one to go down the road without challenging them.

[*Exit General Lane.*]

STAFF OFFICER—General, are you not exposing yourself too much. You are between the two lines and not far from the enemy.

JACKSON—It's all over. The enemy is routed, but we must cut him off from the ford. Let us go back to our own lines.

[*Turns the horse, then goes down towards the road. Voice in the thicket calls out "Halt, Cavalry!" Muskets discharged. Jackson turns horse who goes into the bushes. Horse is pulled back by Jackson, staff officer grabs rein of horse and pulls horse into the road. Jackson reels in saddle and is taken off horse by two of the staff.*]

STAFF OFFICER—Are you hurt seriously, General?

JACKSON—Not much. I can walk down the road by your aid. If any of the soldiers ask who I am, say I am a confederate officer. [*Occasional musket fire. General Jackson is held and led on by two aides, soldiers in advancing take a look at him to discover who he is. Enter General Pender, looking sharply at Jackson.*]

PENDER—My God, it is General Jackson! [*Jackson still leaning on staff, half faints.*] General Jackson, I am afraid I will have to fall back a little in this confusion. [*Jackson rises from his stupor, stands erect with aid of staff, looks at Pender majestically and emphatically states:*]

JACKSON—General Pender, you must hold your ground! You must hold your ground, General Pender!
[*Falls back in aides' arms. Arrival of litter. Curtain.*]

ACT III.

Scene, Annandale. Time, 1865. Illness of Judge Mortimer. Judge seated in armchair, attended by Eben, outside of mansion.

JUDGE—[*With paper in his hand.*] I am afraid Eben that Harry is dead or wounded.

EBEN—No, Massa Jedge, I know dat my young massa am livin', case I done dreamed las' night dat he called me from de oak tree yonder.

JUDGE—This paper I hold in my hand speaks of A. P. Hill's death, and states that a great many of the best officers were wounded at Five Forks.

EBEN—Massa Jedge, don't believe what de papers says, as you done know las' year de papers said dat Henry Williams of Port Royal was killed at Gettysburg, when he was only in a Yankee prison up North.

JUDGE—Eben, is Mr. Richard Turner at Woodlawn?

EBEN—No, Massa. He is done gone to Fredericksburg, and his son, Henry, went into the war a long time ago, and nearly all de men folks on de plantation done gone into Massa Lee's army, since you'se been sick. Even all de slaves have done left de plantations, and gone wid de Yankee soldiers, who has done made cooks out of dem, and soldier men too. Monroe done left our plantation.

JUDGE—Will you promise me, Eben, not to leave Annandale, should I die before your young master returns?

EBEN—I'll never leave you, Massa Jedge, never! They would have to tear this old slave to pieces to take him away from de place where he was born and from his old and young massa.

JUDGE—That is right, Eben. You have ever been a faithful old friend. You know that you are free. I have had the record of your freedom made out at the court house.

EBEN—I don't want to be free, Massa Jedge. I want to stay with both my masters.

JUDGE—Have you placed my will and papers that I made out for Harry in my private desk, under lock and key?

EBEN—No, Massa, I didn't put dem in any desk, as you know bad people lately has done broken into houses and carried away valuables of the people, but I done sewed de will and papers between de linin' of my vest near my heart for my young massa.

JUDGE—Are the negroes getting plenty to eat, Eben?

EBEN—Oh! dem darkies am livin' high. Dey am gittin' all de hoe-cake and bacon dey want, but I done fooled dem Yankee soldier men, when dey come around for something to eat. I done told dem dat de Pennsylvanie "Bob-tails" was here. Den de soldier men all laughed and said: "Dat settles it, nothing left after de 'Bob-tails'."

[Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—How are you feelin' now, Massa Jedge? Will I done bring you some chicken broth out here?

JUDGE—Not at present, Tilda, I feel rather weak.

TILDA—Massa, you jes done grieve yourself to death readin' dem old papers, dat never done tell de truf 'bout anything. Massa Harry 'am livin', and I know you will see him yet.

JUDGE—Ah! Tilda, I ain afraid I will not live to see my darling boy.

TILDA—You are not going to die, Massa. If you die, Eben and I would done die right after you, wouldn't we, Eben?

EBEN—'Deed we would, wife. Dem old papers said las' month dat George Wilkins was killed, den again nex' week, said he was done promoted at a big battle.

TILDA—Lawd goodness, I am done glad I can't read, for I know dem papers would taminate me.

[Enter Crill and Taylor.]

Taylor—How do you feel today, Judge?

JUDGE—A little weaker, Miss Taylor.

CRILL—Judge Mortimer, you are just fretting yourself to death because that old runaway soldier, Bob Gren'e of Carolina spread the news that Harry was seriously wounded in front of Petersburg.

JUDGE—Miss Crill, if Harry was not wounded or killed he would find some way of coming to see me or communicate. He knows of my low state of health, since he sent Eben back.

TAYLOR—Judge, in your long sickness, you have not realized that the two armies have shifted their positions in the past year. The Federal army now covers this whole section of the country and nothing can pass between Washington, Richmond and Petersburg without being subjected to the closest investigation. Therefore, Harry would have to pass through a terrible ordeal to get here, as he would have to pass through the enemy's lines, not to mention what might be done should he be found inside them—perhaps condemned as a spy.

JUDGE—True, true, Miss Taylor. In my weak condition, I have not realized the true situation of affairs. I hope, however, I will live to see Harry alive.

TAYLOR—You will, Judge, something tells me you will!

CRILL—Judge, what makes you think Harry is dead? Those newspapers never told the truth about anything.

TILDA—Dat's de gawd's truf, Miss Taylor.

JUDGE—Captain Baker told me when he was here that ever since General Stuart fell at Yellow Tavern, Harry seemed melancholy and exposed himself more than ever.

CRILL—It might be, Judge, that Harry is taken prisoner, and that would account for his silence.

EBEN—Pardon me, Miss Crill for speakin'. My young massa lives, and he is too brave to let dem Yankee soldier men take him prisoner. He would die first.

[All look at Eben.]

TAYLOR—Eben, were you with Harry on the night march before Chancellorsville?

EBEN—[Bowing politely.] 'Deed I was, Massa Jedge and Misus. I never done leave my young massa's side 'til he told me to go back home to 'tend to Massa Jedge.

TAYLOR—Eben, was Harry slightly wounded in that battle?

EBEN—No, Miss Taylor. He was not done afraid of dem Yankee cannon bulletts. He was always afraid I

would be killed, but when his pet hoss, Firebug, was done shot and fell, massa jumped right up and drew his sword and said to de soldier men: "We mus' drive dem enemies back." He was done proud when he was promoted by Jebly Stuart over dem cavalry soldiers, and all dat night on de march, he called out to de soldier men: "Push on, boys, we mus' get to de ford before mornin'."

[*Judge Mortimer faints slightly and falls back in his chair. Misses Taylor and Crill run to his side.*]

CRILL—Tilda, a little water, quick!

[*Tilda gets water, hands to Miss Taylor, who sprinkles a little on Judge's forehead and bathes his face. Judge revives.*]

TAYLOR—Are you feeling better now, Judge?

JUDGE—It's only a little nervousness and excitement, when hearing of my son's ambition to carry out the orders of General Jackson.

CRILL—Don't you think we had better lead you into the house, Judge, out of this air?

JUDGE—Yes, I think it is better.

[*Judge arises helped by Tilda and Eben and enters the parlor of Annandale. Exit all. Soldiers seen to pass through background. Enter Eben.*]

EBEN—Poor Massa Jedge am done proud of my young Massa Harry. I hope he will come. No Yankee soldier man would done harm my young massa. I would die for him.

[*Soldiers seen to pass again through background. Tilda enters, looks after them.*]

TILDA—[*Eben waves hand for Tilda to come to him.*] What am de matter?

EBEN—Do you know who's around here as a Yankee soldier man?

TILDA—Who?

EBEN—Monroe, one of de niggers who run away a year ago.

TILDA—Hush! You don't tell me.

EBEN—It am de ’truf.

TILDA—Dat good-for-nothing black ape, to come round here on massa’s plantation dat has been treated so kindly by both our masters. I will jes take a hot kettle and burn dem brass buttons off his soldier’s coat.

[Enter Krouse, Casy and soldiers laughing. Krouse addresses Eben.]

KROUSE—Come, niggers, come over the river with us. We will give you jobs as cooks. You are free now.

EBEN—Dis yere darky was always free.

TILDA—Don’t pay no ’tention to dat ole Duteh fool. He has been around here for de las’ two days, askin’ for cream and chicken. I’ll cream him if he don’t go ’long. [Soldiers laugh.] I’ll throw some sour milk in his face if he comes around here any more. [Soldiers laugh again.] You better go to de front, where de battles am, like a real sojer man, ’stead of comin’ round here, beggin’ for cream, chicken and pork. [Soldiers all laugh heartily.]

CASY—Old Tilda’s right, boys. We’re nothing but chicken roost soldiers.

KROUSE—What! Corporal, we no homeguard soldiers! We have fought in the biggest battles of the war, and have been exchanged as prisoners.

TILDA—Dat Irishman is a good sojer man, but if you was taken prisoner, Mistah Dutehman, I bet it was Mistah Stonewall Jackson dat caught you. [Soldiers laugh.]

EBEN—An’ if you don’t go along man, Mistah Stonewall will be after you again. [Soldiers laugh heartily, especially Casy. Krouse looks at Casy.]

KROUSE—How would you like to be my black wife?

TILDA—Fer de Lawd’s sake, did you hear dat, Eben? Why I am too rich in my Virginia blood to marry any old prowlin’ chicken, cream-huntin’, homeguard sojer man as you is. [Soldiers all laugh heartily.]

[Enter Sergeant Brown.]

BROWN—Soldiers, I have been ordered by General Howland, who has just arrived across the river at Port

Royal, that this plantation, known as Annandale, must in the future be exempt from any trespass.

TILDA—Umgh! I jes done thought you would catch it. Dey is a pickle and a rod waitin' fer you across de river.

KROUSE—Goodby, meines swatzes madchen.

TILDA—Go on dere, Mistah Dutchman. Git your sour milk some other whar. [*Soldiers all laugh as they exit.*]

EBEN—Tilda, I know some of dem soldier men will be round here again. Poor Massa Jedge am very sick, but dis old black slave will watch dis plantation for his old and young massa.

TILDA—Dat is what we will, Eben. I'll go in de house. You keep watch.

[*Exit Tilda.*]

EBEN—I never did see so many sojer men lookin' fer chicken. [*Enter Harry Mortimer at the rear, with uniform discolored and dusty, clothes full of mud and slightly torn. He looks all round. Eben sees him and rushes towards him, falls on his knees with his arms around his legs.*]

EBEN—My dear young massa!

HARRY—Eben, is father alive?

EBEN—Yes, Massa Harry, but he am very low.

[*Enter Miss Taylor from house, sees Harry and rushes into his arms.*]

HARRY—My dearest love!

TAYLOR—You have come at last. Your father is dying to see you. He is in a nervous state now, but will rally when he sees you. Eben, you and Tilda watch the roads to see if anyone is coming. Nobody must know Harry is here, as he would be taken prisoner.

EBEN—I done understand it all, Miss Taylor. I'll die right here for my young massa.

HARRY—Hattie, I must see father at once.

TAYLOR—Yes, we will go dear, but let me go ahead of you and break the news.

[Exit Taylor and Harry, Taylor in advance.]

EBEN—[Going towards the door of kitchen.] Tilda! Tilda!

[Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—What's de trouble?

EBEN—Hush! Massa Harry am done come, and he's in de house with Massa Jedge and Miss Taylor.

TILDA—Man, be keerful, we mus' watch de Yankee sojer men. Dey would done kill our young massa and carry him into prison, if dey done knew he was in de house.

EBEN—Dat's de truf, Tilda, you watch de Port Conway road and I'll watch de river. [Both advance to watch. Tilda looks and gets excited as she sees soldiers.]

TILDA—Eben! Eben! Sojers am comin' up de road! [Runs towards door to inform Harry. Eben stops her.]

EBEN—What am you goin' to do?

TILDA—Tell Massa Harry.

EBEN—Have sense, wife. Is you goin' into dat sick room, and tell Massa Harry before his father dat de sojer men am comin'? Go at once and whisper to Miss Taylor. Go quick!

[Tilda enters house, Eben looks down the road.]

EBEN—Dere am an officer ahead of dem sojers, but dey never will take Massa Harry from here.

[Enter Captain Gibson and squad of soldiers. Enter Tilda also.]

GIBSON—Eben, is your young master in the house?

EBEN—No, sah!

GIBSON—He was seen coming up the road.

EBEN—De road don't put him in de house.

GIBSON—Don't try to lie to me, nigger. I am going in the house. [Pushing Eben aside.]

TILDA—Don't you dare push my husban', Mistah Gibson.

[Enter Miss Taylor, who stops Gibson at the bottom of steps of house.]

TAYLOR—Where are you going, Mr. Gibson?

GIBSON—I am going to arrest Harry Mortimer, a Confederate officer, who is inside the Federal lines and is now in that house.

TAYLOR—As a gentleman, you would not invade the sick chamber of his father, to bring on a scene that no one would do, unless he was devoid of human feeling.

GIBSON—The duties of my position in this present crisis is not to be moved or blocked by any sentimentality. Come corporal and soldiers, let us enter. [Gibson leads to enter. *Miss Taylor blocks the entrance.*]

TAYLOR—You will not enter here, sir, only by force.

GIBSON—Miss Taylor, I will not allow you to interfere with my duty. I will have to drag you by force from that door. [Going towards her to place his hands on her arm. *Enter Mortimer, proudly, with arms folded, looking Gibson full in the eye. Gibson recedes.*]

HARRY—Lay your hands on that lady, Captain Gibson, and I'll throttle you.

[*Casy and Krouse in exclamation.*]

CASY and KROUSE—Colonel Mortimer, we met at Chancellorsville!

HARRY—Captain Gibson, I am here on my own home, where I came on the request of my dying father.

GIBSON—[*Recovering himself.*] Military laws, Colonel Mortimer, are rigid and inexorable, and are not to be affected by any sentimentality, no matter what extenuating circumstances may be in the case.

HARRY—Military laws were made to be executed in their proper sense and spirit, but no laws, military or civil, were made to be used as the medium by which one man can carry out his personal spite or malice towards another.

GIBSON—Colonel Mortimer, I have no more to say. I tell you that you are an officer in the Rebel Army, found within the Federal lines, and I have to make you a prisoner and to bring you to headquarters at once.

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson, your desire to bring him to headquarters at once is to have a hasty court martial and perhaps have him shot as a spy.

HARRY—Captain Gibson, you have the rules of war on your side, and from personal enmity, you are only too glad to carry them out to the letter of the law. My present condition shows what I endured to arrive at the bedside of my dying father, but I will ask no favors from you.

GIBSON—I'll have no more parley. Arrest this man Corporal Casy!

CASY—[*Looking defiantly at Gibson.*] Under the circumstances I refuse to lay my hands on that gallant man, if I have to be shot for it. A man that will take his handkerchief to bind the wound of a poor prisoner and then look out for his further care will never be insulted by Corporal Casy.

KROUSE—That's right. Krouse is right with you.

TILDA—Dat Irishman is a good man, and dat Dutchman is good too. I'll give him a whole dish of cream nex' time.

GIBSON—You know, Corporal Casy, that you are disobeying the orders of your superior officer and the result of such disobedience?

CASY—Captain Gibson, you only outrank me in the chance of position. Not in merit. I will tell you when I did not disobey my superiors, it was at Chancellorsville, where you skulked.

KROUSE—I fought the same battles with Casy, and I defy you, too.

GIBSON—I am the commanding officer here, and will be obeyed.

[*Enter Howland.*]

HOWLAND—Who said that you are the commanding officer here?

TILDA—Now, he will git stung.

HOWLAND—Captain Gibson, the district from Bowling Green to Port Royal and across the river to Port Conway is under my jurisdiction and command, and any officer who undertakes to make any move against my wishes will be put under arrest. [*Howland advances and shakes Harry's hand. Both grasp each others hands with joy.*]

HOWLAND—Harry, my friend, I am glad to see you.

GIBSON—Colonel Howland, are you not going to do your duty and arrest a Confederate officer found inside the Federal lines?

HOWLAND—Captain Gibson, duty is a word you forgot at Chancellorsville, but you invoke it here for a purpose that is enough to desecrate it. [*Howland looks kindly at Mortimer.*] Colonel Mortimer, I accept your word to remain on your own plantation, until you are properly exchanged or the war ends. Your treatment of my men and me after Chancellorsville, in having us exchanged as prisoners of war, I would repay with my life. [*Looks at Gibson and soldiers.*] Soldiers, you will report at once to your headquarters.

CASY—Bravo, General Howland, you were always made of the right stuff.

[*Exit Gibson and soldiers.*]

TAYLOR—General Howland, this act will be ever engraved on my heart.

CRILL—I think I will forgive all the Yankees on your account.

HOWLAND—I would indeed despise myself, ladies, if I did not see justice done to people I loved so well before this war. [*Looking at Harry.*] Harry, make yourself now at home in the old homestead. No guard will be stationed here to annoy you. Your word is sufficient for your old chum and friend.

CRILL—Mr. Howland, this act of chivalry and kindness will never be forgot.

TAYLOR—Won't you come into the house and see the Judge before you leave?

HOWLAND—Certainly, by all means, Miss Taylor.

HARRY—Lester, could you not make this place your headquarters, instead of Port Royal?

HOWLAND—I would gladly do so, but the illness of your father prevents it.

HARRY—Let us enter. Father will be delighted to see you.

[*Exit Howland, Crill, Harry and Taylor.*]

[*Enter Eben and Tilda.*]

EBEN—What strange things dis war am bringin' on. One time Mistah Howland was Massa Harry's prisoner and now Massa Harry am Mistah Howland's prisoner and dat on his own plantation. If dis yere war keeps on, a man will be his own prisoner soon.

TILDA—Didn't Mistah Howland done sting dat sneakin' Mistah Gibson?

EBEN—Didn't dat Irishman done talk to him, and dat little Dutchnman, too. Ole woman we must treat dem two people good.

TILDA—Didn't Miss Taylor sting Mistah Gibson?

EBEN—And for dat stingin' wife he done bring all dat trouble on Massa Harry, cause Miss Taylor before de war did love our young massa best. Dis old darky knows a heap.

TILDA—'Deed you've always been a wisdom husban'.

[*Enter Mr. Churchill.*]

CHURCHILL—Eben, how are you?

EBEN—Very well, thank you, Mistah Churchill. Am 'deed done pleased to see you. It hab been a long time since you was here.

CHURCHILL—Yes, Eben, war makes many changes. How is Judge Mortimer?

EBEN—He has been very ill, sah. Dey all say he will die, but it done grieve me to hear dem say it.

CHURCHILL—You are a faithful servant, Eben.

EBEN—I done love my both masters.

CHURCHILL—Eben, would you go with me to England, when this war ends, and act as my bodyservant? I am a very wealthy man and would pay you well.

EBEN—I done like you very much, Mistah Churchill, but my young massa would grieve if I would go, and I would grieve too, to be away from my massa and ole Virginny.

CHURCHILL—If I would get your master's consent, would you go?

EBEN—Dat I couldn't say, sah.

[Enter Tilda before the last sentence.]

TILDA—Don't you think your wife would grieve too, to see you go away, Eben?

CHURCHILL—So you are married?

TILDA—Certainly, we is married, sixteen years ago, and it was a marriage of love, too, wasn't it, Ebén.

EBEN—'Deed it was, Tilda.

TILDA—Massa Jedge done bought me from Woodlawn, when Eben told him he loved me.

EBEN—'Deed, kind ole Massa Jedge, did.

CHURCHILL—Eben, you're a faithful servant. I will see your old and young masters about getting their consent to let you go with me to England, should the war end soon.

[Exit Eben and Tilda. Enter Harry.]

HARRY—Thrice welcome to Annandale, Mr. Churchill. [Advances and shakes his hands cordially.]

CHURCHILL—My dear Mr. Mortimer. I heard of the Judge's illness in Washington, and through the influence of friends, I got letters indorsed which got me passports through the lines, and here I am to see my old and dear friends in Annandale once more.

HARRY—Many changes have taken place since you were here last, Mr. Churchill, and many strange things have been brought on by the Civil War. Here I am a prisoner on my own homestead, and more novel is the fact that Mr. Lester Howland, my college friend, whom

you knew well, is the commanding Federal officer of the forces stationed in this vicinity, and at present he is my custodian, in fact, I am his prisoner of war.

CHURCHILL—Well, well, well, what wonderful beings you Americans are. Here you are in a Civil War, and you retain your friendship and show acts of chivalry towards each other that is enough to astonish the civilized world for its magnanimity.

HARRY—Such is the case at least between Mr. Howland and myself.

CHURCHILL—Mr. Mortimer, I want to ask a favor of you, and I will feel highly grateful to yourself and father if it can be granted.

HARRY—Name it, Mr. Churchill.

CHURCHILL—I have a great desire to engage the old slave Eben to act as my bodyservant and carry him to England, to show my friends there the wonderful slave whose fidelity to his old and young masters during the war has been the talk of this whole section of the country.

HARRY—Mr. Churchill, I will consult with father, and take the matter under consideration, but you know I am greatly attached to that old slave. He has been my advisor from early boyhood, but let us go in, Mr. Churchill, and see father. He will be pleased to see you. He has revived a little since I came back, but his hours and days are numbered I am afraid.

[*Exit Harry and Churchill. Enter Miss Taylor.*]

TAYLOR—Tilda!

[*Enter Tilda.*]

TILDA—Yes, mam.

TAYLOR—Harry has company today, and I hope you are well prepared for it. Mr. Howland is to dine with us.

TILDA—'Deed I am, Miss Taylor. I went over to Oakenbrow and brought back chicken and wine.

[*Exit Tilda. Enter Harry.*]

HARRY—Ah! My dear Hattie, this is a novel position

to be in. When this war ends I will ask you to become my dearest wife.

TAYLOR—Darling, nothing will please me better.

HARRY—I am sorry to say for our cause, the end is not far off, yet I would like to be with old "Uncle Bob" when the ship goes down.

[Enter Howland, Casy, Krouse, Churchill and all.]

HOWLAND—[Advancing and shaking Harry's hand.] Harry, you are a free man. [Judge Mortimer, leaning on Eben's arm enters slowly from door.] You can now pursue a peaceful and happy life on your old homestead. We can all go back to our happy homes. The war is over. General Lee has surrendered. [Harry bows his head with Judge, Crill, Taylor and servants. Howland advances and slaps Harry on the shoulder.]

HOWLAND—There is no dishonor to the South in Lee's surrender. The men who measured swords with him and fought against him for four years have nothing but admiration for the old Cavalier. It is only the skulker and stay-at-home who never met him in honest and open combat that will crow. His bold stand and bravery for four years is American valor, and is one of the jewels of American fortitude, bravery and chivalry. While exhibited in internal strife, it demonstrates to the entire world what metal there is in the American Republic. Civil War seems to be the inevitable and logical solution of making all nations great. Greece, the cradle of civilization, had to have her civil war to make her great. Rome, later, had to have her internal strife to make her the intellectual torch of the then civilized world, and to solidify her people to defy all nations. Next came the mighty empire of England who had two great civil conflicts to make her the greatest empire of the known world today. So it will be with the American Republic. The present war that has just closed will only tend to knit together the American people. The sections will have a better understanding with each other in the future, so

it will be one common cause, one common country and one flag. The posterity of the great American Republic will boast hereafter of the military genius of Lee and Jackson as they will of Grant, Sheridan and Sherman.

CRILL—Mr. Howland, your speech makes me forgive all the Yankees, if they did steal my chickens.

HARRY—It is now all over and gone and I am fully resigned to the fate decreed by Providence. Lester, I am in full spirit and accord with the philosophy of your noble sentiments, and accept them in the spirit they are given. [Judge Mortimer leaves Eben and advances to the front of the group. Harry looks and exclaims.]

HARRY—Why, father, you here?

JUDGE—Mr. Howland, I have heard all of your speech and I say “Amen” to all. I took you for a noble man when I first set eyes on you, and your solid and unyielding friendship to my son and myself has stood the test of civil strife. Give me your noble hand. [Shake hands.] Miss Hattie, come here and let me place your hand in the grasp of my son’s, and say to you that I want you to be his wife. [Harry and Miss Taylor grasp each other’s hands.] Gentlemen and friends, I want you all to partake of the hospitality of old Annandale once more, before you leave this plantation.

CASY—Krouse, what do you think of General Mortimer?

KROUSE—Corporal, I knew he was the right stuff when he took out his handkerchief to bind your wound when we were prisoners.

[End of act three.]

ACT IV.

Scene, Annandale. Time, 1870. Enforced mortgage sale of Annandale.

[Enter Gibson, gleefully.]

GIBSON—It is my turn now, Harry Mortimer, your wife will bend her proud head and you will ask the shelter of Annandale from Jim Gibson, whom you insulted and ordered off these grounds ten years ago. I hold a mortgage on Annandale and intend to foreclose it this very day. Annandale, the historic homestead on the Rappahannock, whose hospitality before the war was known to the limits of this river is to pass into the possession of James Gibson.

[Enter Tilda.]

Tilda, Annandale will be my property before night. Tomorrow, I want you and the other negroes of this place to find other places, as I have provided for other help to take charge here.

TILDA—Mistah Gibson, you don't hab to tell dis ole black auntie dat. She was born on de nex' plantation of Woodlawn and her husban', Eben, was born here an' so was all de niggers dat was workin' here today, but as much as dey love de ole home, dey will follow Massa Harry and work for him till dey die, and you don't hab to tell dis yere chicken to go. Angels don't lib wid satan. [Sticks up her nose and flaunts her head on leaving.]

[Enter Howland.]

GIBSON—Why, Mr. Howland, you here? [Extends his hand.]

HOWLAND—[Refusing proffered hand.] It may be impolite for me to refuse an extended hand, but under the present circumstances, I decline to shake it.

GIBSON—Well, as you may, Mr. Howland.

HOWLAND—Mr. Gibson, I did not know that you were in the business of buying up mortgage sales, and especially a life long acquaintance and a man that has entertained you many and many a time at his old homestead.

GIBSON—It is a matter of business, Mr. Howland, and if I did not buy others would.

HOWLAND—if they did, there is not a man living, I dare say, but yourself, that would not have granted Mr. Mortimer a six month's grace that he asked to redeem the home of his ancestors. It is hatred and revenge that rankles in your mind, Jim Gibson. Nothing more.

GIBSON—You can construe it as you may, Mr. Howland, but Annandale will be sold at mortgage today.

HOWLAND—Mr. Gibson, to save Mr. Mortimer the humiliation of losing his ancestral home will you not give me twenty days to pay off this mortgage.

GIBSON—No, sir. I will not. The amount is ten thousand and Annandale will be sold today to satisfy that claim. I will bid you good day, Mr. Howland.

HOWLAND—A very good day, Mr. Gibson. [Ironically.]
[Exit Gibson and enter Harry.]

HARRY—Why, you here Lester? [Both shake hands cordially.]

HOWLAND—Yes, my boy. Why did you not tell me of your misfortune? I heard of it only three days ago. It was shown to me in the Boston Herald where the famous King George homestead on the Rappahannock, known as Annandale, was to be sold today to satisfy a mortgage.

HARRY—My pride would not allow me to inform you, my noble friend. I did not want you to know that I should lose the home of my ancestors, that was left to me by my generous father, unencumbered by any mortgage, at the time of his death. I will tell you, Lester, what led up to the present mortgage, and that without coloring anything in my own favor. Father as you know, died in the fall of '65. People that were rich before the war down here were left poor after its close. I did very well from '65 to '68. The negroes that left after the war, all came back to work for their young master, as they insisted calling me, no matter if they were free as they

claimed. A young planter's son, as I was, had no practical experience in the world. On one of my business trips, I met Jim Gibson at Baltimore, who came to my hotel and ingratiated himself into my feelings, by telling me that the end of the war should settle all personal enmities, and especially with people who were fast friends before it, as he claimed we were. I took him at his word and from that time, went into different speculations with him, of which he was the proposer. To briefly state to you, Lester, my whole dealings with that man finally culminated in the present mortgage that he has on Annandale, so now you know all.

HOWLAND—Sorry, indeed, am I to hear of this, Harry.

HARRY—What touches me a great deal is the sympathetic look the old darkies on the plantation have on their faces when they see me, and I will confess to you that in the past three days I could not pass the grave of my father without thinking that I have committed a sacrilege, in allowing the resting place of my ancestors to pass into other hands, who will look upon the burying ground of the Mortimers as an intrusion.

HOWLAND—[Placing his hands over his eyes.] Harry this is too much. It has touched me to the heart. I asked this man Gibson for twenty-five days' time, to pay off this mortgage, but he haughtily refused.

HARRY—[Looking at Howland.] Lester, you are God's noblest son!

HOWLAND—Harry, are there any of your friends who can help you in this crisis?

HARRY—No, Lester, there is no help. My friends here on the Rappahannock feel for me and it pains them to see my misfortune, but they cannot do anything for me at present.

HOWLAND—What became of Eben, the old slave, that went away to England with that English gentleman?

HARRY—Don't speak of him, Lester, it pains me to ever think I let him go, and yet I am glad he is not here,

to see the loss of Annandale and the trouble of his young master, as it would kill him. Lester, my boy, let me tell you that old black slave had more influence over me in my boyhood days than you could imagine. Why I would not dare swear in his presence. What do you think? That faithful old darky sent me his earnings from England the first year, thinking I needed it to buy horses for work. However, I wrote Mr. Churchill that Eben should send no more money, but keep it for himself. It is now over a year since I heard from him. Mr. Churchill wrote me that the London papers had articles about his fidelity to my father during the war.

[Enter Miss Taylor extending hands to Mr. Howland.]

TAYLOR—Ever faithful friend, in time of need, welcome to our hearts, but not to Annandale. This evening it passes into other hands.

HOWLAND—"A friend in need is a friend in deed," but what is the use of the quotation in this case, because the friend in deed cannot help the friend in need.

TAYLOR—It is all the same, however, with you, Mr. Howland. In sunshine or in rain, you are ever the same faithful friend to us.

HOWLAND—Life has many turns, Mrs. Mortimer, but the honorable and noble will finally, in the end, turn into a haven of happiness.

[Exit Mortimer, Howland and Taylor. Enter Tilda.]

TILDA—Monroe, come here. [Monroe enters and advances towards Tilda.] I never done like you, Monroe, since you run away from Annandale, from kind massa and became a Yankee sojer man, but as you done repented I'll forgib you. Do you believe in dreams?

MONROE—I done hear ole Eben say dat dey often come true.

TILDA—Hush! I want to tell you. I dreamed las' night dat I saw my ole husban', Eben, who was done coaxed away by dat Yankee Englishman—I dreamed I saw him standin' dere yonder at de gate, wid his deacon's

coat on,—de one Massa Harry done brought from de North when he done come back and carried off all dem colleges.

MONROE—Dat may be true, Tilda.

Tilda—I have an instigation that he will come soon.
[Exit *Tilda and Monroe*. Enter *Sheriff and Gibson*.]

SHERIFF—Mr. Gibson, I find in this tabulated itemized statement [*Sheriff looks at paper*] two things which are to be called off with Annandale, namely, the private riding horses of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer. Do I understand that you wish me to call them off in the items of sale that goes with the plantation?

GIBSON—That is just what I want you to do, Sheriff.

SHERIFF—Allow me to say, Mr. Gibson, that I decline to do so. There is sentiment amongst us Virginians, and I assure you now, that there is a strong feeling on the Rappahannock against the enforced mortgage sale of Annandale, whereby it passes out of the hands of young Mortimer. You will be the sole bidder, which I think you already know, under the circumstances.

GIBSON—All right, Sheriff. I only wish to go through the process of law and record. You will be here at four o'clock to consummate the sale and transfer.

[Exit *Sheriff and Gibson*.]

[Enter *Tilda*.]

TILDA—Monroe, has de boat come down from Baltimore, yet?

MONROE—[*Voice inside.*] Jes' got in five minutes ago, Tilda.

[Exit *Tilda*.]

[Enter *Eben*, soft singing in the background: "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," *Eben slowly, listening, wipes tears and stands at the gate leaning on cane, in deep thought.*]

EBEN—Back in Annandale once more, in Ole Virginny where I was born. As I done come up de road I saw some darkies weepin'. I wonder if dere is anything gone wrong wid my young massa. I would done die

right here if he was dead. 'Deed it would be sorrowful after I done come back over de big ocean to make my young massa happy and to see my ole wife, Tilda, to find some trouble. How my heart did jump wid joy when de ole boat whistled for Port Conway, and a sight of de ole plantation came to my eycs again. Den I done weep for joy. It looks as if dere was something wrong about de place. Dem ole darkies in de field looked at me so strange as I passed by. Dey don't done know me. Dey think I am a Yankee nigger. [Looks at himself.] I done take off my fine English coat, dat kind Mr. Churchill gib me and put on my deacon's coat, de same one dat Massa Harry done gib me, when he came back wid Mr. Howland from de North, after winning all dem colleges.

[Darkies heard singing mournful song. Eben listens at the gate, walking over the old judges' grave.] De good ole Massa Jedge's grave. Massa, ole Eben done come back. De Lawd done put it in my heart. I could not stay away any longer. I came back to look at your grave, and put flowers on it till I die. [Looks around him again.] I feel it in my heart dat dere am something wrong. I wonder if my ole wife, Tilda, am in de house.

[Enter Tilda, looking to left over field.]

TILDA—You Monroe, get all dem things packed up to take over to Oakenbrow tomorrow to Harry's aunt. Miss Crill am goin' to take care of us darkies until Massa Harry is able to git us some work. Don't leave anything on de plantation for dat ole debbil Mistah Gibson to have. [Looking to right and seeing Eben.] For de Lawd's sake! Am I dreamin'? Is dis night or is it day? Dere is my dream yonder sure. Am dat you Eben?

EBEN—Why, Tilda, don't you organize me in my deacon's coat?

[Tilda comes down and rushes towards him.]

TILDA—De Lawd be praised, it is you, husban'.

EBEN—[They embrace.] What's happened, Tilda? Everything looks so mournful. Dem darkies in de field all has bowed heads.

TILDA—What has happened? Don't ask me, Eben. Poor Massa Harry and Missie's heart done broken. Dey mus' leave Annandale. Dat ole satan man, Mistah Gibson, dat never did like Massa Harry, done got what de white folks call a mortgage, and he buys Annandale dis day, for ten thousand dollars, which Massa Harry owes him, and Annandale will have to be given up to him unless dis money am paid. Gibson tole all of us niggers dat we mus' leave de plantation tomorrow, as he says he don't want any of Massa Harry's people on de place.

EBEN—Tilda, I am now a scripture man. Dey been readin' de Bible to me in England. Dat man Mr. Gibson done hate Massa Harry and Miss Taylor years ago. Listen woman! Did you say dat Massa Harry hab to git ten thousand dollars or be put off Annandale before night?

TILDA—Yes, dat's de truf. Mr. Howland done come down and dey all feel very bad about poor massa's misfortune, but Eben, my husban', when I saw Massa Harry early dis mornin' eryin' over dere over his father's grave, an' askin' his forgiveness, I done then broke down and went into de kitch'en and done wept myself for two hours.

[Eben rises up and looks solemn.]

EBEN—Before dis black ole nigger will see one tear on his young massa's eye, he will die first, and when he dies, he will die here in Annandale on the place where he was born. Tilda, my wife, don't you tell anyone I done come back. Listen to me, woman, and don't do it. Not even Massa Harry. Do you hear me, Tilda?

TILDA—Yes, Eben.

EBEN—I am going down to de wharf to see one of my young massa's friends. [Exit Eben.]

TILDA—I declar! He looked so strange at me, when he heard of Massa Harry losing Annandale.

[Exit Tilda. Enter Gibson.]

GIBSON—Little did you think, Mrs. Mortimer, that on that July day in 1860, when you declined the suit of Jim Gibson, that you would one day ask his indulgence for one day's grace on this sale of Annandale.

[Enter Taylor bowing coldly.]

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson, I came to ask for the postponement of the sale two days, until Mr. Mortimer hears from his friends in Richmond.

GIBSON—Mrs. Mortimer, since the day you proudly repulsed my suit on this very spot and Mr. Mortimer ordered me off this plantation, have I desired to be possessed of it. The opportunity has presented itself, and I have taken advantage of it; no more, no less. It is my turn now to dictate, and I will say that I will not give one hour's grace, from the time stipulated by the terms of the mortgage. [Tilda looks on at distance.]

TAYLOR—Mr. Gibson, it is the right of any lady to accept or decline a proffer of marriage, extended to her by any man, and the man who would seek revenge for years because he was refused should be held in contempt by any honorable person. The opportunities which you speak of whereby you got the present mortgage on Annandale were opportunities created by yourself, and that by the most dishonorable methods. Under the guise of enforced friendship, you led my husband into speculations that were a loss to him and a gain to yourself. His mind was too lofty and his noble nature too unsuspecting to detect the pitfalls and traps that you led him into by intrigue and deceit. So those were the opportunities that you maliciously created so you could ruin him financially and then crush and humiliate him by artfully and dishonorably getting the present mortgage on Annandale. I will tell you to your face that your present act in foreclosing the mortgage on his ancestral home is prompted only for mercenary and malicious purposes, and not altogether on my refusal of your proffer of marriage some years ago. Your first motive was

mercenary that you might get Annandale for one-fifth of its real value, and maliciously because you wanted to see Mr. Mortimer humiliated. Let this be our last interview, for a man so unprincipled as you would pollute the very atmosphere that you inhale.

[Exit Taylor.]

TILDA—Done stung him dis time worse dan ebber.

GIBSON—Within one hour Annandale will be mine, and all others then will be intruders.

[Enter Sheriff and citizens, etc. Miss Crill passes Gibson, putting up her nose in scorn, then turns.]

CRILL—So, Mr. Gibson, this is your gratitude towards the people whose hospitality you accepted hundreds of times in this section of King George, but I shouldn't expect any more from one that acted a coward on the field of battle.

GIBSON—[Smiling.] So it is you, Miss Crill.

[Darkies come in rear, looking downcast.]

SHERIFF—Mr. Gibson, do you want this sale positively to start at four o'clock?

GIBSON—Positively on that time, sir.

HOWLAND—Mr. Gibson, what consideration would you ask to postpone this sale of Annandale till tomorrow?

GIBSON—Mr. Howland, at the hour of four, the sale shall begin, which is now within five minutes of the time.
[Looks at his watch.]

HOWLAND—Let me tell you, sir, this act of yours is a satire and an irony on the friendship of man.

GIBSON—Thank you, Mr. Howland. Sheriff, you will begin and consummate the transfer of property according to the terms of the mortgage.

SHERIFF—[Addressing all.] I assure you, gentlemen, that this is a very painful duty for me. I have known the Mortimers from boyhood, but I thought that this was a duty I would never have to perform.

[Darkies with handkerchiefs to their eyes and bowed heads.]

Ladies and Gentlemen, I offer for sale the beautiful

land and plantation, known from both ends of the Rappahannock as Annandale, the once famous, hospitable mansion of the Mortimers. The area or limits of Annandale is one and a half miles long and one mile wide. [*Sheriff wipes his eyes and hesitates.*] This famous property was a gift from the King of England to Henry Mortimer, the original owner, settler and head of the family. It has passed from sire to son to the present owner, Henry Mortimer. [*Harry weeps in his wife's bosom. Howland advances to Gibson.*]

HOWLAND—Man, have you any heart?

GIBSON—[*Smiling.*] Proceed Sheriff.

SHERIFF—This land is to be sold today to satisfy or pay off a mortgage of ten thousand dollars which is held by James Gibson, of Cumberland County, Maryland. If the amount of the mortgage is not paid before the stipulated time, according to the long terms of the mortgage, I'll be compelled to go through the painful duty of transferring the famous homestead to the mortgagee, James Gibson. [*Sheriff looks at his watch.*] It is now within ten minutes of the time to close the transfer. I will call aloud and ask if there is anyone of Mr. Mortimer's friends who can come forward to pay the amount of ten thousand dollars, which is the amount of the mortgage to save the once seat of chivalry, Annandale.

[Enter Eben through the crowd.]

EBEN—Yes, sah. [*Holds check in his hands. All exclaim: “Eben the old slave.”*] Yes, sah, Eben the old slave am here, and have de money to save his young massa and Annandale. [*Cheers from all the darkies.*] Here, Massa Harry, is de money, [*Harry takes it*] dat was done gib to me as a present to you by dat good Englishman, who carried me away and died a year ago. I done grieved for home, and when I got here today to my old plantation I done hear of my young massa's trouble. I am happy now, and willing to die right at my young massa's feet. [*Cheers from all the darkies.*]

HARRY—[Handing money to Howland.] Lester, here is the money, pay the mortgage. I am too happy at present to talk.

HOWLAND—What a providential intervention! [Advances to Sheriff and gives him the money.]

SHERIFF—The happiest moment of my life!

HOWLAND—I will take up the mortgage, Sheriff. [Sheriff takes money and hands him mortgage papers.]

SHERIFF—Mr. Gibson, will you come forward and take the money and sign? [Gibson signs and takes money. Tilda advances towards Gibson.]

TILDA—You can keep all dem Yankee niggers up in Maryland, dat you was goin' to bring down here. I don't think we will leave Annandale tomorrow.

HOWLAND—I hope you are satisfied now, Mr. Gibson, and the hour of five o'clock that you were to give Mr. Mortimer to pay off the mortgage will also relieve this happy homestead of your infectious presence.

GIBSON—I will bid you all a happy good day.

[Exit Gibson.]

HARRY—Rise, Eben, rise. When you die, your heart should be taken from your body, embalmed and set aside in a glass jar, and placed in a room of Annandale as one of the holiest reliques of the Mortimers.

TAYLOR—Eben your love for your young master and home, will be one of the grandest traditions of Virginia and your fidelity will be ever revered by this plantation.

[All darkies now advance to shake Eben's hand amid great enthusiasm. Eben starts when shaking hands with the last darky.]

EBEN—What! You here, Monroe? After you ran away from massa during de war, and joined dem Yankee sojer men. You ought to be up in Baltimore or Washington, wid dem crap bone gamblers.

TILDA—Eben, he done repented.

EBEN—Has he gone to de mourner's bench?

TILDA—He has, husban'.

EBEN—Den, I forgib him.

HARRY—When old Eben tells us of the kindness and death of Mr. Churchill and his noble act, we will hear once more some of the old songs of Annandale, to memorize this day of ecstacy and joy.

CRILL—Go on, Eben.

EBEN—Massa Harry and friends am now born over again. When I done leave Ole Virginny I done grieved great deal. Mister Churchill cheered me up by reading letters from Massa Harry and Annandale. De people in England treated me very nice and put my picture in de paper as de faithful old slave. One day Mr. Churchill took sick and de doctor man brought me to his room. Mr. Churchill looked very bad and said he did not expect to live but that he had left a gift for my young massa that would be given to me by de lawyer man. He said he knew I don grieved for home and should go back when he died. Next day Mr. Churchill don died and the lawyer man done give me the check which I don brought to you and here I am back home again with my young massa in Virginny dat I never want to leave no more.

HARRY—And you never will leave again, Eben. Let the old songs be sung.

[CURTAIN.]

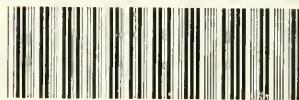
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